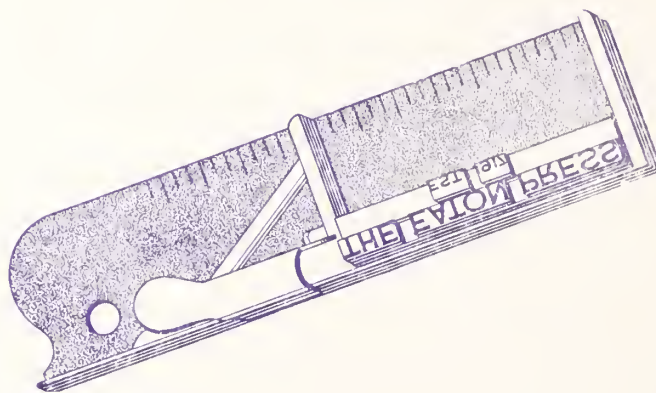


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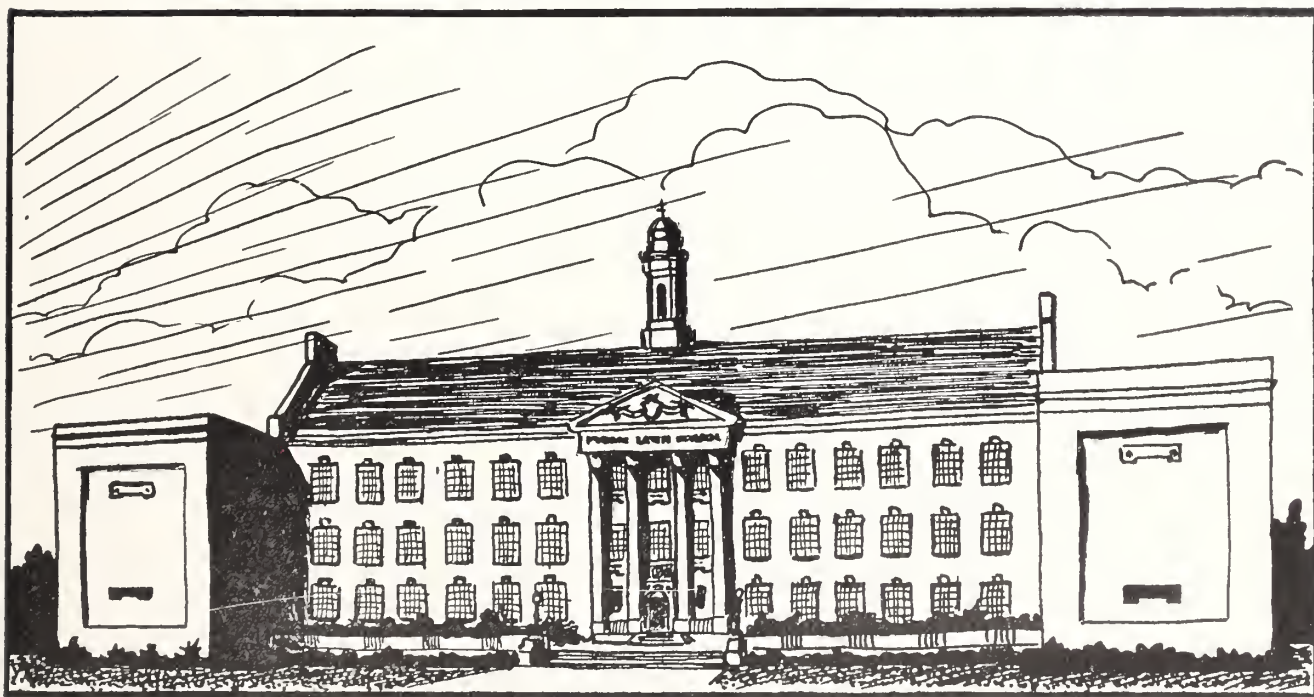
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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## Steve's Odyssey

BRUCE S. NIELSEN, '54

STEVE KEVELOSKI, aged ten and a half, fingered a bomb in his mittened hand and waited for the traffic lights to change to yellow. When a streetcar bound up 27th Street clanged past him, he took cover behind a mail-box. From the safety of his retreat, he looped the bomb into the air in a wide arc. It exploded on the roof of the streetcar with a crash. Steve pursed his mouth into a cynical sneer and scooped up a handful of snow for another bomb. The lights changed.

He shuffled carelessly up 31st Street — a short, dark boy with the body of a lightweight. A crop of greasy black hair was arranged over a slanted bushy eyebrow; and a bridgeless pug nose in a large round face was shining from a recent scrubbing. He pulled the open leather jacket tighter about his middle and arched the white silk scarf into a wide plume. He ran a mittened hand experimentally over a hole in the seat of his faded blue dungarees. The hole — he discovered — was sensitive to the cold.

At the corner of 31st and Rock, he found a million-dollar bill in a shining leather wallet that had his name stamped on it in large gold letters. He threw his bomb into the gutter and crossed the street to a clothing-store. As the store was crowded with after-season shoppers, he wasn't noticed. He said a "magic" word, and immediately the crowd was whisked away to some unknown foreign land he had read about in Miss Morgan's fifth-grade geography class. He was alone in the store. Steve helped himself to an imported worsted suit and a pair of fifty-dollar shoes. He put back a midnight-blue tux with a white dinner jacket in favor of a checkered waistcoat. For payment he tucked a thousand-dollar bill in the breast pocket of the tux, where the manager would be sure to find it. Outside he forgot about the people he had whisked away. A cold



blast found the hole in his dungarees, and instinctively he slapped his seat with his hand.

At Madison Avenue, he crossed the street again. He scuffed down 32nd and ducked through an alley. Clotheslines sagged over dirty backyards, and ash-barrels stood loosely at attention before dingy apartment doorways. Steve picked up a stick and "played" a few notes on one of the ash-barrels and then built up a steady staccato on a picket fence. Out on Lincoln Boulevard, he stopped in front of the Rialto Theatre to gaze at the posters in the lobby. He decided that Hopalong Cassidy was much better than the Durango Kid. He shot the Durango Kid. He and Hopalong rode their mounts across the burning desert to save the cavalry from the Indian ambush. They were about to save a stage from three outlaws when an usher, dressed in a red uniform with gold braid, appeared and said, "Scram, kid." Steve sulked away.

At Lincoln and South, he stationed himself before the window of a hardware store. In rapid succession, he took a fishing-pole, lures, and a portable radio. He picked up an etching of a German general leaning on a sword and stroking a pawing white charger.

The etching was good: the general had muttonchop whiskers and a long drooping mustache, and you could almost feel the warm breath of the charger. Steve put back an electric shaver; he'd decided to grow sideburns—like the general. He was about to take a small switch knife with a pearl handle when a man came out and told him to get away from the glass and run along. Steve spat deliberately on the walk. The man had a cloth and was busy wiping finger marks off the glass.

He turned down Lincoln again. Between Marsh and Stuart, he sauntered into a run-down variety store which he occasionally frequented. He glanced around. The red-nosed proprietor was four feet behind him, coming towards him catfooted as if he wanted to pounce on him before he could get away. Steve didn't like him much. Steve hooked two fingers on his belt and let his head fall loosely to the side. "A pickle," he demanded and tossed five pennies on the glass-topped counter. The man, rolling up a sleeve, stuck his arm into a large glass bottle that rested at one end of the counter. He produced a dripping, wet pickle and smiled broadly, revealing a row of gold teeth that went rather incongruously with his red nose. He slapped his hand over the five pennies and then wiped his arm on the front of his shirt. Steve jerked his head back and made for the door.

Out on the street, Steve took off his soaking mittens and blew on his hands. He spun one of the ragged mittens in a circle about his finger, remembering the time when the mittens were new and had tiny red reindeer on the backs. The color in the wool had faded to match the pavement, and odd bits of cloth occupied the holes where the reindeer had been. He wished he had a pair of leather gloves. Some pickle-juice trickled onto the mitten, forming a large black spot. Steve liked the effect; he wondered what the mitten would look like stained completely with juice. A street-car barred any further experiment. His bomb missed.

Bored, he crossed Stuart and ascended to the elevated station. Last

summer he and "Peanut" used to come here, where it was cool and where they could watch people and trains. That was before they sent "Peanut" away. His mother, who had forbidden Steve to come here, had caught him once last year. When he cried, his mother hadn't licked him. Steve laughed a little loudly; he had learned a long time ago that his mother always yielded to tears. It was the easiest thing, in the world, of course, to sneak under the turnstile when the man in the booth wasn't looking and then to run down to the end of the platform. If he was caught, he just cried, and nothing happened—as he had two weeks ago over on 28th Street.

Steve walked the length of the platform and looked at the people. He wondered what would happen if the man in the booth saw him crawl under the turnstile. Of course, the man wouldn't dare touch him. Didn't the man in the booth realize that his gang would be waiting for him, that he'd jump from the elevated station onto the roof of the drugstore and then down onto the street and into a big black sedan waiting to take him away to his hideout? The way that movie star did the time he was innocent at the Rialto. Steve thrust his hands deep into his pockets; he wasn't worried any more.

He stopped in front of a gum-vending machine and looked in the glass. He stuck his fingers in his mouth and stretched his lips. Steve didn't think the face was as funny as it had been that time in Miss Morgan's geography class. He had been kept after school for that. He wished that he had a hairpin. He knew a way to get gum out of the machine without putting a penny in. You stuck the hairpin in the drop-slot until there was a click; then you banged the bottom of the machine with the palm of your hand. It took patience to work the hairpin into the correct position, but you usually got the gum . . . and you saved a penny.

It was in that small interval, as he was canvassing the benefits of a hairpin, that the little dog appeared. Tail up, he advanced along the platform,



sniffing shoes and investigating corners. Steve watched the animal coming toward him, distracted by the fascination of so many new wonderful things. He stooped and snapped his fingers; and the dog came running, at an eager trot, as if it had received an invitation. The dog, snapping playfully at Steve's knuckles, reared up to place its two front feet squarely on Steve's leather jacket. Steve wrapped his arm about this little creature who had invaded his world and stroked the dog's strong neck. He was a German general stroking his white charger; he curled his drooping mustache and patted the medals on his breast. Steve was pleased with his little fantasy.

He was still feeling pleased with himself, when the train came swiftly and silently toward the station. The dog

had strayed away from Steve and was sitting at the very edge of the platform, looking curiously down into the pit. He had stretched his forelegs straight out in front of him and was preparing to jump; and then, just as the lead-car pushed up a swift blast of air up into its face, the dog jumped. Steve saw an agonized, twisted form and an out-stretched, convulsive foreleg — brown and bleeding . . . and then nothing.

Down on the level below, it was snowing and street-lights had been turned on, making tiny circles on the snowy walks. Steve Kevoleski, aged ten and a half, pulled his jacket tighter about his neck and adjusted the white silk scarf. It had been pleasant, this world of his; and now it had ended. Tomorrow he'd play something else.

### *The "Register" Wins Again*

For the tenth successive year, the *Latin School Register* has won top honors in the national competition conducted by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Except for our first two years in the competition (1943-44), when we were awarded second-place certificates, the *Register* has headed all other schools in its class (1500-2500 pupils), gaining the coveted Medalist award (a special prize for unusual distinction) five times. The record follows:

1945 — First Place

1946 — First Place

1947 — Medalist

1948 — Medalist

1949 — Medalist

1950 — Medalist

1951 — First Place

1952 — First Place

1953 — Medalist

1954 — First Place

## *Crowds*

EDWARD V. LEE, JR., '54

A CROWD is a friendly, generous, human, gentle, hostile, stingy, inhuman, rough mass of people gathered together to observe something, to create a disturbance, to be amused, or to get home from school or work. In the next few lines, I will try to show that this paradoxical definition is really not so self-contradictory as it may appear.

I believe that the friendliest crowd I ever came across was gathered on Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve to hear the carolers. The most hostile I ever encountered was at the Harvard-Yale game, when, resplendent in a crimson tie, a "Beat Yale!" button, and a Harvard pennant, I took my seat in the Yale Section.

Once I read about a generous crowd. Some coal-miners in Pennsylvania were severely injured when the shoring of the mine collapsed. Blood was needed, and one hundred thirty-six people offered to donate blood to the injured miners . . . We all see a stingy crowd every day on the streetcars, busses, and trains, where every one fights for a seat as if his life depended upon it.

The most human crowd I ever heard of was gathered around an artesian

well-shaft that had just swallowed up a five-year-old girl. There wasn't an extra handkerchief among the people when they found out that the little girl had died in her premature grave. Sometimes crowds can be frightfully inhuman. While crossing Boston's windy corner one day last summer, I saw five or six hundred people standing around a building, on top of which a would-be suicide was precariously perched, listening to the crowd below. I heard them chant, as steadily as a savage drumbeat, "Jump! Jump! Jump!"

The gentlest crowd I have ever been in was leaving Midnight Mass, early on Christmas Morning. Every one waited for the next person to precede him and moved along slowly, quietly, softly—for all the world like a troop of swans, moving in sedate and dignified fashion towards their nests. We all, at one time or another, have witnessed a riot, which produces the most brutal of all crowds. Just recently, I observed a strikebreaker's car being overturned by about thirty men as it attempted to cross a picket-line. Thus it is that crowds can be either friendly or hostile, generous or stingy, human or inhuman, gentle or brutal.

## *The Boards*

RICHARD I. MILLER, '54

The money has been paid. The "crani" classes are over. Last-minute instructions have been received. Sufficient fear to insure a long and sleepless night has been instilled in the minds of all those unfortunate individuals concerned. All primary obstacles have been overcome. Years of extensive training are finally to receive their test. Only one thing remains—the "Boards."

Early Saturday morning, a group of tieless, unshaven, uncouth Seniors assemble at a building which, according to a reliable source, belongs to the United States Military Reserve. As the

hour of nine nears, assembled groups break up; and shaking, fearful candidates file into the rooms to which they have previously been assigned. Admission tickets are carefully inspected, and their bearers are soon seated (left-handed students seated in the rear of the rooms). After special pencils have been passed out, detailed, explicit, all-inclusive instructions are carefully read to the separate groups. These instructions contain such vital explanatory sentences as "You may now put down your uplifted hands." Obviously, the examination-makers have accredited a high degree of aptitude to the exam-

iners and have shown great concern for the welfare of the examinees.

Finally, at 9:10 sharp, the Scholastic Aptitude test is begun, amid mixed emotions of all who have already paid dearly for this privilege of taking it. In the first three subtests, the student's aptitude is tested by questions based on subjects such as principles of Fascism; Buddhism, self-taught; "Puritanism", the origin of book-censorship; the failings of the Australian wool-market; color, together with its effect on the human eye; and was Mr. G. justified in attacking the justification of the just war of 1812? Also, "not to disappoint the kiddies," verbal analogies, antonyms, and interesting games called "What's My Word?" are included in the test to tax further the razor-sharp brains of the ever-alert and confident Seniors.

The last three subtests are based on the rudiments of grammar-school mathematics; and, despite the excellent extensive training which the boys have previously received in this subject, they are stumped by such advanced questions as "45 is what percent of 60?" and "If a boy who has ten chartreuse marbles gets another five, how many chartreuse marbles has he?" Luckily, the majority of the examples are of a simpler nature than these two; and most of the stu-

dents are able to struggle successfully through to the end of the examination. The test was not entirely over, however, until the examinees had confronted an unforeseen complication and had successfully met it by proving themselves able to count to the numbers 107, 50, and 20. (Obviously, some defect in the electronic correcting machine prevents it from doing such difficult work.)

I had entered into the examination, erroneously expecting a test of aptitude; and, except for approximately twenty-questions in the English sections, I found it better suited to test the mentality of a student entering high school than of one graduating from it. The mathematics section tested not aptitude, but accuracy; for the examples were of such simple nature that they led to mistakes through carelessness. In altogether too many cases, the English section, although it contained better tests of aptitude than did the mathematics part, also relied on carelessness by virtue of cursory reading and rash answering for the main part of its mistakes. Is this a test of aptitude? In my opinion, the results of a test like the Scholastic Aptitude are totally useless as a determinant of a student's aptitude and capabilities.

## *The Shore at Night*

JOHN KENT, '54

Rippling waves rush; roaring in,  
They bring the tide of morrow.  
The lighthouse stands in open sea and guides the ships.  
The moon hangs in the sky  
And seeks to aid the promontory beacon;  
But ghosts in the air  
Blot out its semi-light.  
Stillness prevails;  
In the darkness not a sound is heard, save the roar of waves,  
The call of gulls.  
The veil that hangs over all the shore forbids activity, muffles sound . . .  
Here is a spot to meditate,  
To drink the quietness,  
Enjoy the emptiness.



# College Applications

HARVEY M. PRESSMAN, '54

Early in the year, high school students with ambitions for higher education are confronted with the task of filling out college applications. In the past, it has been the folly of most candidates to answer the questions simply and candidly. What they have failed to realize, however, is that college application blanks are but subtle psychological examinations. The questions are infinitely more intricate than they seem upon first glance, and many are as good indications of originality and aptness of thought as contests conducted by soap-dealers or wounded veterans. Fortunately for the future applicant, the author, lucky enough to have observed the workings of psychology from the "inside", so to speak — has discovered the objectives and hidden meanings of these subtle questions, which are almost as carefully worded as the movie version of "From Here to Eternity." An examination of some of the more devious questions at this time could, perhaps, prove profitable to the reader.

1. *Vocational Interests.* To best answer this question, we must realize immediately that colleges are concerned not only with their admissions; they are worried also about their graduates. Obviously, it is to the advantage of the college to have representatives in as many occupations as possible. The candidate can easily understand, therefore, that it is to his advantage to make apparent his vocational interests. Obviously the possessor of a somewhat unusual mind, the author has compiled a list of desirable suggestions:

- A. Staff doctor for a cigarette company.
- B. Aardvarkologist.
- C. Veterinary at football games.
- D. Butler for Marilyn Munroe.
- E. Drum beater for the Dover St. Branch of the Salvation Army.

2. *How Do You Spend Your Leisure Time?* The colleges are wary of the

"bookworm"; and this question, upon extensive examining seems to be designed to determine the "regular guys." The candidate, if an intellectual, is cautioned against answering this question. This is the time to show you're "one of the boys." The cautious student will do well to answer thus:

- A. Member of the "Youth for Peace at all Costs" movement.
- B. Collecting "Garrison" belts at neighborhood parties.
- C. "Digging" Symphony Sid at the Hi-Hat.

3. *Name a few books you have read in the past year.* This one's a breather. The colleges are merely looking for ideas for additions to their libraries. Because they probably already have most of the books you have read, to write their titles on your application would only evoke displeasure at your lack of originality. The following are a result of the author's investigation of what books are lacking on college library shelves, and it would, therefore, best serve the purpose of the applicant to answer the question with some or all of the following:

- A. "The Amboy Dukes"
- B. "The Bobbsey Twins at Silver Lake"
- C. "An Interlinear Translation of the Poet Virgil"
- D. "Kiss Me Deadly"
- E. "Emil und Die Detektive"
- F. "Fun with Dick and Jane"
- G. "Fun without Dick"
- H. "Das Kapital" by Karl Marx

4. *Father's Recreational Interests.* A trap! Everybody knows fathers don't have recreational interests. Leave this question blank; or, if you desire to appear clever, answer simply, "me".

5. *Work Experience.* Once again we have an apparently innocuous question. When we realize the purpose of this question, however, we shall easily see how devious it really is. The colleges are

looking for boys willing to spend all of their time on school affairs. Every candidate, therefore, and especially those applying for scholarships, should leave this question blank, showing the colleges that he is willing to give all his time to student activities.

6. *Give Three People Who Have Known You for More Than a Year For Recommendation Purposes.*

A. Name the Captain of your company during your first year of drill. Because he was chosen Captain for his sterling qualities of leadership, integrity, and ability, it can be assumed that he will by this time be a successful man and therefore, impressive in the eyes of the admissions authorities.

B. Choose a name in the news. This choice will, of course, make an excellent impression and, at the same time, is fairly safe, because most famous people cannot take the time to answer questionnaires. Such celebrities as King Farouk, Alger Hiss, Dr. Kinsey, Marilyn Monroe, and Julius Ansel will necessarily overwhelm the Dean of Freshmen in any college.

C. Care must be taken here to strike a proper balance. Our first two recommendations have been notable personages; our third, therefore, shall be a member of the proletariat. We don't want the faculty to take us for snobs! For a suitable man, we suggest that the candidate betake himself to the area surrounding English High School, and wait until he is approached for a small loan by a stranger. Grant him the loan and, having thus won his favor, request his name and address for recommendation purposes. (See note below.)

By following the advice recommended, any candidate for college will find his problems alleviated. If, by some unpredictable quirk of fate, he finds that the answers fail to gain him admission, the disappointed candidate is advised to convey the author's regards to his commanding officer.

Note: In many cases "A" and "C" will turn out to be the same man. It will be necessary in that case to make another choice.

## To Morpheus

NICHOLAS E. WALSHE, '54

Thou visionary ruler of those hours  
That sable shrouds enfold, down from whose bowers,  
In fields of stardust bloom, there ever showers  
A flood of dreams; and wreathing from aloft  
Those heavy-scented funes of fragrance soft  
That warm winds bear from thy celestial flowers.  
Who has not seen aloft thy retinue  
Of cherubim and doves of snowy hue,  
Of airy elves with stores of honeydew  
And frenzied Bacchus quaffing to the drains  
Empurpled wine? These all thy will ordains  
To speed abroad and drowsiness bestrew.  
Come harken then to this devoted strain  
And hasten on thy soporific train.  
Dispel the cloud that on this heart has lain  
Full long; and as with slumbrous spells you steep  
The weary brain, then I into the deep,  
Unfathomed pool shall plunge, possessed of sleep.

## Double Reverse

HERBERT S. WAXMAN, '54

AGAINST HIS better judgment, Mr. Hillson had just relinquished the car keys to his seventeen-year-old son, Mike. Although he should have been hardened by many nights spent waiting to hear the new "Chevy" being driven up the driveway without the aid of a tow-truck, Mr. Hillson felt the same apprehension as when he gave his son the use of the car the first time. The inflection of his voice as he asked his wife "Where's he going to-night?" seemed to indicate that Mr. Hillson nourished some weak hope that his son might be going to a hockey game or some other virile event, away from the wiles of woman. He was disappointed (he had expected he would be); for Mrs. Hillson replied that Mike and the boy across the street, Phil, were going on a double-date to the movies. Had Mr. Hillson been in a humorous frame of mind, he might have remembered a scene of a little more than a year ago, when Mike — a lanky, pimply boy of fifteen — had approached his father . . .

"Dad, will you drive Phil and me down to the gym? Tonight's the Woodstock-Greenville game, and the winner plays in the semi-finals."

Mr. Hillson reluctantly acquiesced and, as Mike left the room to call his pal, hopefully asked his wife, "Do you think he'll go to the dance after the game?"

"You know he has to get up early tomorrow for hockey practice."

"It's funny he hasn't yet become interested in girls."

"He will; just give him time. Some day you're going to be sorry he ever heard the word *girl*. What are you building up to, anyway?"

"Well, Mr. Richardson asked me today if Mike would like to take his daughter, Margie, to the school hop. You know Margie; don't you? Very pretty girl. I told Mr. Richardson Mike would be very glad to. I'll break the news to him on the way to the game."



"Oh, Fred, you didn't. You know how timid Mike is when it comes to girls."

"I couldn't say 'no' to the boss, could I? Besides, Mike will have a wonderful time."

Thus it came about that the following Saturday night Mike, feebly clutching a florist's box, was ringing the bell of a modest residence in a neighboring suburb. He managed to force out a weak reply to Mr. Richardson's greeting. He was quite happy to let his father's employer engage in a soliloquy. "How are you, Michael? My, how you've grown since I last saw you! Sit right down, son; Margie will be ready in a few minutes. How are you doing in school?"

Mike wished Margie would get ready fast before the perspiration from his hands ruined the flowers. On second thought, he wasn't eager for her to hurry. What do you say to a girl, anyway? He was almost at the point of nervous collapse, when he heard footsteps lightly running down the stairs. Mike managed to stammer out a few words of greeting and pushed the flowers at his date. The fact that she was good-looking did nothing to allay his nervousness, for he wondered what



she might be thinking about her escort for the evening. On the way to the dance, Margie swung the conversation to the school's basketball team. Mike, feeling he was getting into safer territory, began to talk more freely until, when they reached the gym, he felt as though he had known Margie all his life. As they entered the decorated gym, however, Mike's nervousness returned at the thought of facing a crowd of people, especially being introduced to Margie's girl-friends. Thanks to Margie's glibness, he managed to survive the ordeal; and as the evening wore on and his feet lost most of their initial awkwardness, Mike admitted to himself that he was having a good time.

The next morning, at 1:30 A.M., as Mike fumbled with the key to the door, he knew to whom he owed his introduction to the pleasures of social life; and he looked forward to his date with Margie the following week-end. He had never thought he would be thankful for his father's taking a position with the Richardson Manufacturing Company.

As Mr. Hillson heard, coming from

upstairs, the clamor that was synonymous with Mike's dates, he uneasily recalled remarks he had heard around the office about his son's getting in with the wrong crowd, and asked his wife, "Doesn't Mike ever go out with Margie Richardson any more?"

"No, he's got the foolish notion that she's too immature for him."



## Mystery

EMANUEL A. SCHEGLOFF, '54

A flash! Then darkness; no more light . . .  
 The youth plunged into the pitchy night.  
 A crash! Then silence; no more noise . . .  
 Yet the boy retained his poise.  
 Then came an awful eerie sound,  
 As a corpse emits from its earthy mound  
 A whispering noise. Quiet, strange —  
 He wants to place it. It's out of range.  
 The tarry darkness, soft to the touch,  
 Retaining the scratch in its sticky clutch,  
 Reveals not its secret hiding-place;  
 But envelops the young man's face.  
 A lunge! A plunge! Only empty air.  
 Withdrawing his hand, he finds it bare.  
 What was that scratch? That fiendish sound?  
 The answer I have never found.

## *Sir Roger Applies for the Headmastership*

L. A. SVEIKAUSKAS, '55

IN THE EARLY 1700's a newspaper called *The Spectator Papers* was published in London. The paper contained one essay of current interest — if nothing else. It contained no news, sports, or comic strips. The central figure, about whom the essays revolved, was a certain Sir Roger de Coverley, an English squire. Each essay was prefaced by a Latin or Greek motto, which the editors, obviously ignorant of the fact that the book was going to be read in the Boston Latin School, have translated into English. But stop! Why am I telling you this? It will just whet your curiosity to the point where you are panting to go to a bookstore and buy a copy of the *Spectator Papers*. Consequently, I begin my saga.

*Magnas res pete, puer.*

(For the benefit of any English High boys into whose clutches this magazine may fall, the quotation means *Aim high, lad.*)

Since the year 1711 Sir Roger de Coverley has been asleep and quite dead. As you perhaps know, he has been dead ever since the last issue of the *Spectator Papers* appeared. Recently, however, I received a letter from him, stating that, in some miraculous fashion, he had been reincarnated and had picked out my name from the telephone book as the one to aid him in getting his new life established. I invited him to our home. When I asked him where he was, he answered that he was in an outlying suburb, walking towards the centre of Boston, but that he was in mortal terror every time a "chug-chug" (an automobile) passed.

Finally, however, I managed to give him directions which, I flatter myself, were clear enough to enable him to reach our dwelling. At any rate, an hour later, he arrived.

The first question he asked was not, as you might expect, about this modern world, but where he could find a job. I recalled that the Latin School Headmastership was still vacant, and I was struck by Sir Roger's capabilities for the job. These I list:

1st, he was a scholar.

2nd, he knew how to get along with his subordinates.

3rd, an old school could use a Headmaster who knows about the "old days".

4th, he would provide an interesting bit of colour (notice the English spelling — I can't insult Sir Roger) for the impending "Collier's" article about the Latin School.

5th, and most important, he was lenient to his subordinates.

And so, Sir Roger and I, arm in arm, walked into the School Committee Headquarters on Beacon Street. We listed his extraordinary qualifications for what we referred to as the "Latin School job". The School Committee went into a huddle and decided to appoint him.

On the next Monday morning, when Sir Roger went to work, sad to relate, he had not been made Headmaster, but merely Assistant to the Assistant Custodian. Therefore, when you see a custodian walking out of the back door, early in the morning, don't be surprised. It's just Sir Roger at the age of 250. He has a right to be tired.

## *Barbarians from Across the River*

ISAAC DRUKER, '54

STRANGE CLAN of beardless young men with large, closely shaven heads has been observed at odd times in various sections of downtown

Boston. With alarming frequency, they have been swooping down upon an unsuspecting public, committing atrocities of unparalleled violence. Being myself

a witness to the heinous deeds of this marauding group of barbarians, I decided to disguise myself as one of them, return with them to their dens, and examine in their natural habitat their outlandish behavior.

Upon investigating what they did while at home, I discovered that a favorite pastime is the procuring of cast-iron swallows, samples of Charles River refuse, and cannon-balls from the Common. These items they annually present to the Russian ambassador to this country as tokens of their good will. In more restful hours, the clansmen restrain themselves to printing in their official publication clever little unexpurgated anecdotes, plagiarized from the scientific and literary magazine of a well-known technical institute. The more intellectual of the clan devote themselves to creating "red herrings" and casting them on men intent on landing "reds", not herrings.

When the annual gladiatorial contests between the men of the clan and visiting tribes take place, the beloved pursuit of clansmen is the baiting of the visitors. A typical meeting between one of the hosts and an antagonist might begin with the words, "Are you from Yale, or has a horse stepped on your face?" or perhaps "Egad, Quasimodo is back!" As can be seen, life-long friendships are thus formed.

Another strange custom of those who dwell behind the ivy walls across the Charles is the use of the password. The correct symbol will gain entrance into the most sacred sanctum for one of the tribe. Think of the magical significance of "Free Food," "I burn books," "Discount for students," or even "I'm from Radcliffe."

Home traditions of these wild men are completely uncivilized. During the mating season it is not uncommon to see one of them hanging by his thumbs (for exercise) from the second-story window of a building marked "Women's Dormitories." At this time many of the clan also devote themselves to ideals of chivalry and have been seen leading young ladies, painted ceremoniously for the occasion, carefully around puddles and cautiously through green traffic lights.



I shall now describe briefly the manner of dress of a member of the clan. The standard uniform is composed of (1) dingy white "T-shirts," emblazoned with a shield containing the Sanskrit words *ve ri tas*; (2) a pair of faultlessly creased chino pants; and (3) white tennis shoes. On days of great festivity, several objects are added to the uniform: (1) white seersucker jacket with black or brown pin-stripes; (2) starched collar, and (3) a narrow, neatly knotted, red tie.

If these facts have interested you and you wish to learn more about these relics of a darker age, watch for them any Friday or Saturday night when the screaming hordes swarm into Boston from across the river to raise havoc on Beacon Hill. Beware, especially you girls, of offering food to one of these savages, however, lest he follow you about and become a permanent fixture at your house.



## Student's Inferno

HENRY L. TAFE, '54

MY HOME is the happiest one in the world. I make this statement to counteract the harsh remarks I am about to make concerning the wonderful home which has been built around me. We have no serious illness. For this fact I am ever grateful. We are fed and clothed as well as we have any right to desire. What more, then, can we possibly ask for? I'll tell you what I'm asking for — peace and quiet. Can't this typical family of ours seek enjoyment which requires less wear and tear on the ear-drums?

Mind you, I don't object to noise, provided it doesn't reverberate like a boiler factory around my head when I'm trying to study. Let me reluctantly describe the situation which persists while I grapple with Vergil, Homer, and Browning. My sister Barbara, now twenty years old, has high hopes of a career with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Consequently, the tragic Gilda dies again as Verdi's "Rigoletto" gets the full treatment just as I am approaching what I consider a brilliant discovery in physics. *Boom!* It's gone.

Just then, my father, also a vocalist, decides to try his luck at glorious opera along with my sister. Even then, I might be able to concentrate if only the two singers would sing the same opera. As their voices swell in powerful crescendo, I find that formulas, rules, exceptions to rules, *A bientôt* sheets, and Hamlet's soliloquy spin around in my "mixed-up little mind." Ah, but you "ain't heard nothin'" yet; operatic arias are only the beginning.

I have a brother, David, eleven years old. Ah, if it weren't for the law and my family, a few drops of phenobarbital in his muscles-building corn flakes might produce marvelous results. I might, of course, be sent to jail, but I don't wish to go that far to get peace and quiet. Perish the thought that the "Range Rider" should not be accompanied over the trails of Channel 4 by all his loyal buckaroos. To hear



the great hero of the West make his amazing deductions, David must increase the volume because of the operatic competition. (Just enough, let's say, to make the occupants of the other two apartments in our house turn off the audio part of their sets so that they may watch their picture and still enjoy our sound. They even call us to ask us to change the Channel.)

The battle is on. The previously uncontested arias of Rudolpho and Mimi are slowly gaining ground on that uncultured piece of junk, the television set. Let's see now: "Density equals weight times 'La donne mobile'." Oh, no, no . . . Ah; density equals volume times 'Stick, 'em up, buddy!' Oh, this is murder."

I have a still smaller brother, Paul, two years old. How such a charming child can have a warwhoop that would make the battle-ery of the Cherokees seem like a Brahms lullaby is beyond me. Suddenly, this little lad decides he isn't getting the attention to which he is accustomed and lends his well-developed vocal chords to the bedlam

. . . My mother? She is a saint. She putters around, putting pictures back on the walls and replacing on the shelves dishes which have been dislodged by the sound-waves. Ah, if only they were all like her.

This morning, after a night of such activity, I sit in class muttering, "Don't

leave me, Rudolpho;" "I sing of arms . . .;" "Stick 'em up, Clem;" "Sing, oh Goddess, of the wrath of Achilles;" "Density equals Prince macaroni times Pabst Blue Ribbon". I have this essay ready for defense to give to the little white-coated men momentarily approaching me from all sides. I am the victim of a crazy house!

## *Performing Patiently*

NICHOLAS E. WALSHE, '54

The western sky doth seem a crimson sea  
Of mellow hues in soft profusion fair  
As now the sun doth seek its nightly lair;  
And I behold with inward ecstasy  
Those parting rays presented unto me,  
A radiant scene with which naught can compare;  
And yet, it was with slow and patient care  
That toiling Nature wrought that imagery.  
And man below doth wonder at the way  
She waits and ponders and retards display  
And after wanton, negligent delay,  
Doth then create her art at end of day.  
For Nature thus instructs man's feeble brain  
That patient labors just rewards attain.

## *Eclipse*

EMANUEL A. SCHEGLOFF, '54

The moon acquires a tinted hue;  
And, slowly sliding out of view,  
It leaves us not a single clue  
How and why it's gone away.  
And now the shadow on its face  
Conceals its vast celestial place,  
Does not reveal its sky-bound race  
And hides its heavenly ray.  
Then, slowly slipping from the dark  
And lighting mountain, town, and park —  
Instilling joy in every lark,  
It continues on its course.  
Out of our lonely earthly sphere  
We humans all, from far and near  
At this astral body slowly peer  
And wonder — "by what force?"

## Hubbub

HERBERT E. MILSTEIN, '54

THREE MINUTES! That is all the time there is! It would perhaps be better to say 180 seconds—which sounds like more time. So much in so little time. Such noise!

"Hey, Jack! Better not run! That guy on the first floor caught Paul this morning."

"Yeah! I had him for study last week, and he . . ."

"You told me. Besides, you get only one for being late; but three for running!"

For three minutes every one rushes. Hundreds of people—all sizes and shapes—running to finish the day's work. What do they talk about?

"Forty minutes isn't long enough, he's got to get everything in."

"He's got a nerve marking me for still standing when the bell rings."

"The teacher dismisses the class; not the bell!"

Only three minutes to build a resistance to education; three minutes to deprecate teachers; three minutes to rib your buddy; three minutes can be a very long time.

"He's supposed to be one of the top brains in the class . . . mispronouncing *truculent*!"

"Yeh! and that fool of a teacher gives us a two-hour assignment."

"Thinks he's clever!"

With their bodies they fill the corridors, with their feet they whip the dust from the floor, with sweat and stench they permeate the building.

"Every Tuesday the same thing happens—from 'phys ed' to the third floor."

"And twenty seconds to dress—they ought to try it!"

These beasts of burden carry five books, six books, or ten books—the number is unimportant. They balance them nicely on a huge binder. On top are piled dirty sweat-suits. A pair of sneakers hangs precariously from fingertips.

"Hey! Did you drop this?"

"Yeah! Thanks! Say, how come I got only six books, and you seven?"

"I'll bet you forgot your Latin Grammar!"

"Boy, is he going to be mad?"

The three minutes have passed. The bell rings. Scampering stragglers race to arrive before the last gong.

"You! stop running! . . . or I'll mark you."

"It's too late, anyway, Bob. Every Thursday, it's the same thing."

"Well, another day; another mark!"

The last footsteps die out, doors close with a huge thud. The final echo of the bell sounds. The dust settles once more in the corridors. All is silent.

## Important Announcement of New Prize Contest

Hear ye! Hear ye! Once again the *Register* is sponsoring a great new contest. Just listen to this glittering array of prizes.

1st Grand Prize — The Empire State Building

2nd Grand Prize — Boston Common

3rd Grand Prize — North Dakota

Here's all you have to do to win: Just complete, in 200 words or less, any of the following:

I

I never buy the hot lunch because . . .



## II

*Mr. Kane:* Congratulations, Sweatbrough, I've got some wonderful news for you. You've been selected to help some unfortunate member of the lower classes by tutoring him.

*Sweatbrough:* Tutoring, sir?

*Mr. Kane:* That's right. Just report to Room 212 at 3:30 A.M. tomorrow, and each morning thereafter for the rest of your life. Well, Swetty, what do you think of that?

*Sweatbrough:* . . .

## III

*Class Treasurer:* Which one of you boys wants to have the honor of being the first to pay his class dues?

*274 seniors (in unison):* . . .

## IV

*Dean Bender:* Tell me, son, why do you want to attend Harvard University?

*Senior:* Because, sir, my girl friend's house is two blocks away from the campus.

*Dean Bender:* . . .

## V

*LCDR Cannon:* I gave you twenty-five dollars' worth of stamps, Cottonbrain, and you've returned only twenty dollars. What's the idea?

*Cottonbrain:* Sir, I've decided to keep twenty per cent of my sales as a personal commission. Don't you think I'm worth it?

*LCDR Cannon:* . . .

## VI

*Physics Master:* Can any of you muttheads answer this question? When does a person have musical feet?

*Class:* No, sir.

*Master:* A person has musical feet when he's got two flats. Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! (*Class maintains oppressive silence*) What's the matter, class? Don't you think I'm a wit?

*Class (in unison):* . . .

## VII

*Mr. Russo:* Your application for the College Entrance Examinations is in order, Weedhead; but why haven't you passed in the necessary twelve dollars?

*Weedhead:* I'm a little short of cash now, sir; so I've decided to pay you on the installment plan: two dollars and fifty cents a week for the next ten years. That won't be too much trouble for you, will it, sir?

*Mr. Russo:* . . .

## VIII

*Master:* Boys, I'm going on vacation; but I haven't yet decided where to go.

*Class (in unison):* . . .

Act now! Run — don't walk — to your nearest friendly, neighborhood book-maker: pick up an entry blank and mail it to:

Last Chance Bar and Grille

P.O. Box  $\pi R^2$

Fairbanks, Alaska.

Our staff of trained seals is waiting to judge your entry, so don't delay!

(Above contest compiled and copyrighted by HILLEL B. SHORE, '54.)

## *Alumni Profile*

### JOHN COLLINS WARREN

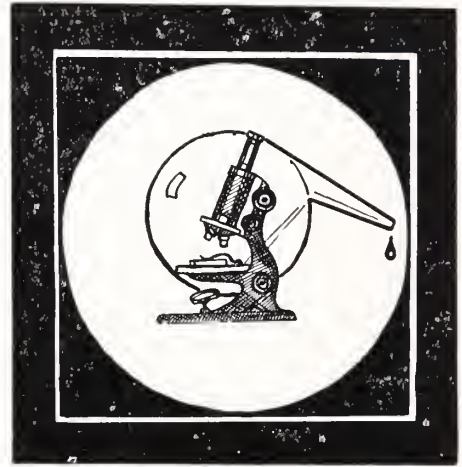
#### Class of 1793

THE HOUSEHOLD into which John Collins Warren was born on August 1, 1778 was interesting. Dr. John Warren, his father, was an intense, active man and an excellent physician. Unfortunately, his medical practice suffered as Dr. Warren became more and more active in the Revolution. It is even suspected that Dr. Warren was a participant in the Boston Tea Party. Young John, therefore, spent his early childhood in a house that was forever hiding some deep, dark plot designed to sever the colonies from England's grasp. John's mother — a calm, devoted parent — saw to it that John's education was not neglected and tore Dr. Warren away from his activities long enough to assure their son primary instruction.

At the age of eight John was enrolled in the Boston Latin School, then under the administration of Samuel Hunt, successor to John Lovell. John Warren, having inherited his mother's patient nature, was an excellent student of the classics. It was taken for granted in the Warren household that John would go in his father's medical practice; and, to be sure, he was entirely acquiescent to the career his family had chosen for him. A diligent student, he looked eagerly forward to the day when he might qualify as a doctor.

From Latin School, John entered Harvard, in 1793. While in college, he took enough time from his heavy program of academic work to join the founding of the now-famous Hasty Pudding Club. When he was graduated from Harvard in 1797, he was valedictorian of his class, a tribute to his excellent scholastic efforts and basic ability.

After a year abroad, John Warren



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returned to complete his medical education. Shortly thereafter, he entered his father's office to practice medicine. From his father John inherited a keen mind and a desire to explore uncharted surgical fields. So rapidly did his prestige and reputation rise that, in 1815, he was appointed a professor at Harvard Medical School. For the next five years, Dr. Warren was active in raising funds for a modern hospital for the city of Boston; and, in 1821, when the doors of the Massachusetts General Hospital were first opened, Dr. Warren was appointed surgeon. A pioneer in the field of intricate surgery, he developed an unbelievable swiftness in operating, a most important asset in view of the fact that operations of that day were performed without anesthesia. During the next twenty years, Dr. John Warren developed many innovations in surgery. The most noteworthy of these was a corrective operation for an aneurysm, an arterial constriction.

In 1846, Dr. Warren was visited by

Dr. Henry Bigelow (B.L.S. 1803), who announced that he had come upon a startling new discovery. A young dentist, Dr. William Morton, had performed an extraction, during which the patient was put into a deep sleep after having breathed a gas which had been administered. After watching a demonstration of his anesthesia, Dr. Bigelow convinced Dr. Warren of the significance of the discovery.

On October 4, 1845, therefore, an atmosphere of expectation and excitement persuaded the operating amphitheater of the hospital. The patient—a middle-aged man, named Gilbert Abbott—was wheeled in; and the attendants strapped him onto the table. On his neck was an angry-looking tumor, which Dr. Warren was to remove. Dr. Morton administered his anesthesia from a strange-looking appara-

tus. When the patient appeared to be unconscious, Dr. Warren removed the growth from the man's neck. Throughout the operation, Abbott's only sign of discomfiture was a low groan. He afterwards admitted that he had felt nothing.

Dr. Warren, who immediately realized the great benefits that might be derived from Dr. Morton's gas, became a pioneer in the use of ether for surgery. Until his death ten years later, Dr. John Collins Warren wrote a multitude of medical papers designed to help surgeons everywhere perform operations with a higher degree of safety and comfort for the patient than had ever been thought possible. On May 4, 1856—after a lifetime of devotion to his family, guidance to the medical profession, and service to humanity—Dr. John Collins Warren passed away.



## *Sunrise*

THOMAS M. HARRINGTON, '54

A hilltop gray with morning mist;  
A hamlet sleeping far below  
In all-pervading bleakness  
Awesome quiet;  
And in the sky no light,  
Save the Morning Star of Venus.  
A hilltop lightly flushed with Spring;  
A hamlet stirring down below,  
As a rooster crows forth reveille.  
And in the sky,  
The clouds alive with color  
Herald the furtive glance of Day.  
A hilltop clothed in radiant green;  
A hamlet active right below,  
With rustic chores and duties.  
And o'er the rolling plains  
In a broad expanse of blue,  
Shines Homer's rosy-fingered Dawn!



## Hockey

### Latin Wins Opener

December 31, 1953

The 1954 edition of the B.L.S. hockey team swung into action, as a hard-skating, aggressive squad made their debut by trouncing Boston Trade, 5-0.

The initial period was all Latin as the first line kept the puck in Trade territory eight out of the ten minutes, but was able to score only once. This goal came at 6:52, when Gene McLaughlin took a pass from Bob Schroeder in the corner, skated in, and rifled a shot by the Trade goalie into the lower left corner of the net.

The fireworks really exploded in the second period as Latin lit the lamp four times. At 3:23 Paul Kelley started things when he picked up the puck at mid-ice, cut around the Trade defense, and blasted a sizzling shot from thirty feet out for the score. Bob Schroeder added the next two: the first, at 4:09, with an assist to Paul Kelley; and the second, at 7:35 from a scramble in front of the net. "Art" Carriere netted the fifth and final goal when at

8:57 he scored unassisted on a long drive.

There was no scoring in the third period, which featured the appearance of Latin's paperweight line with Herbie Dias (110 pounds) centering for Walter McSweeney (125) and James McLaughlin (100), the smallest player in the league.

As the score was never close in the last two periods, Coach "Dick" Thomas was able to clear the bench.

*Line-Up:* E. McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Kelley, *RW*; McKinnon, *LD*; Carriere, *RD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* J. McLaughlin, McSweeney, Dias, Wilson, Grant, Leahy, Bothol, Tobin, McAlefe, O'Connor, Adams, Crossen, Sprock, Cohen.

#### SHOTS FROM THE BLUE LINE

The outstanding feature was not the scoring, but the hustle and aggressiveness of the team . . . The back-checking was best since the days of the



Mahoney brothers . . . The first line of Junior Gene McLaughlin, one of the best hockey players in the city, and Seniors Bob Schroeder and Paul Kelley excelled in all department . . . Also worthy of praise is Doug Wilson, who hustled every minute . . . Stubby Altmeyer had a soft day in the nets, as he was tested only four times. This is a tribute to the fine play of defensemen Arthur Carrier, Doug McKinnon, "Spence" Tobin, and Ed. Leahy.



## Latin Beats Tech

January 8, 1954

Latin's hustling team up-ended Technical, winner of the Boston Intown League hockey title for the past two seasons, by a convincing score of 3-1.

Latin took a 1-0 lead at 9:14 of the first period, when Gene McLaughlin took a pass from Doug Wilson, skated in, and fired a shot into the opposite corner of the nets for the score.

In the second period Paul Kelley put Latin ahead 2-0 when he split the defense and rifled a sizzling shot past the Tech goalie to score, unassisted. Tech scored its only goal in the second period on a screened shot from the blue line.

The third period was fast and furious,

with both teams playing wide open hockey. Latin put the game in the bag at 8:58, when Charlie Schroeder whistled in an angling 20-footer to wind up the scoring.

*Line Up:* McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Kelley *RW*; McKinnon *LD*; Carrier *RD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* Wilson, Grant, Botbol, Leahy.

### SHOTS FROM THE BLUE LINE

Congratulations to the whole team on a well-earned victory . . . Excellent fore-checking, back-checking, and all-out hustle . . . Special praise to "Stubby" Altmeyer for a terrific job in the nets, making numerous sensational saves.

## Latin Six Wins Again

January 15, 1954

Latin's hockey team won its third straight victory by beating Dorchester, 4-2.

The first period went by without any scoring, but in the second period Paul Kelley lit the lamp at 0:42, when he scored unassisted on a long shot from the blue line. Ed Leahy got his first goal of the campaign when he scored

at 4:37, with assists going to Art Carrier and hustling Doug Wilson.

In the third period each team scored twice. Dorchester started at 3:26, but Latin was quick to retaliate. Gen McLaughlin took a pass from Art Carrier, skated around the defense, and blasted a terrific shot past the Dot goalie at 6:20 to make the score 3-1.

Dorchester scored its second goal a minute later at 7:22 to tighten the game. Art Carriere, who played a tremendous game, picking up three points, iced the game when he scored unassisted at 9:21.

*Line-Up:* McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Kelley, *RW*; Carriere, *RD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* Grant, Botbol, Leahy, McLaughlin, McAuliffe, McSweeney, Dias, O'Connor.

## Latin Belts Memorial

*January 22, 1954*

Latin's hockey team took another step forward to an undefeated season and the city championship today by trouncing Memorial 6-2 at the Arena.

The Purple pucksters bolted to a 3-0 lead in the first five minutes of play on scores by Doug Wilson, Ed Leahy, and Gene McLaughlin. Memorial picked up its first score near the end of the first period on a long shot from the blue line.

Latin added another goal in the second period when Defenseman Art Carriere soloed the length of the ice and beat the Memorial goalie with a neat backhand.

The third period was completely dominated by Latin, as they picked up two more goals. Both Doug Wilson

and Ed Leahy scored their second goals of the game, making the score 6-1. Memorial scored their second goal on a solo midway through the final period.

*Line-Up:* McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Wilson *RW*; Kelley, *LD*; Carriere, *RD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* Grant, Botbol, Connelly, Leahy, Cohen, Dias, J. McLaughlin, McAuliffe, McKinnon, McSweeney, Adams, Strock, Crossen, Casta.

### SCRAPING THE ICE

Charlie Schroeder was the playmaker, getting assists on three goals . . . The all-out hustle and spirit was evident tagain as the Latin skaters kept the puck in the Memorial zone throughout the game . . . Keep it up!

## Latin Up-Ends English

*January 29, 1954*

Latin's hockey team showed its class when it met and defeated a highly touted English hockey team, undefeated and unscored upon in their first four games, by a decisive 4-0 score.

The Latin players evidently had not read the press clippings of the much-publicised English team and their goalie, as they wasted no time in spoiling his perfect record.

Doug Wilson, playing probably his best game of the year, was first to score when he picked up the puck at the red line, soloed in, and flipped the puck over the prostrate English goalie, who slid out trying to make the save.

Gene ("Hooker") McLaughlin made it 2-0 mid-way through the second

period when he let go a terrific shot from the blue line that whizzed past the English goalie's shoulder and into the nets for the score.

In the third period Art Carriere split the English defense and scored one of the prettiest goals of the year, cleanly beating the English goalie and making the score 3-0. Doug Wilson scored his second goal of the game when he took a pass from Paul Kelley, skated in, and fired the puck into the nets for the fourth and final goal of the game.

*Line-Up:* McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Wilson, *RW*; Kelley, *RD*; Carriere, *LD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* Leahy, Connelly, Botbol, Grant, McKinnon, McAuliffe.

## ICE CHIPS

Three cheers for the whole team! The best game the *R.R.R.* has seen in many a moon. The team showed true championship calibre as it outskated and outplayed the English team all the way . . . It is impossible to single out any one player; but the hustle of

the first liners Gene McLaughlin, Doug Wilson, and Charlie Schroeder cannot go unmentioned, nor can the fine play of defensemen Paul Kelley and Art Carriere plus the tremendous job in the nets by Stubbie Altmeyer go by overlooked in considering the great merits of this year's team.



## Latin Mauls Trade

February 1, 1954

The B.L.S. pucksters barraged the Trade goalie with pucks, while "Stub" Altmeyer racked up another shutout. Art Carriere and Ed Leahy each lit the light twice, while Doug Wilson and Paul Kelley scored one each. The sole Trade goal was scored late in the third period after Stub Altmeyer relinquished the goalie post to freshman goalie McCarthy, who made several stunning stops before allowing a goal to be scored. At this point in the the B.L.S. squad will once again regain the city title. Final score: B.L.S. season there is every indication that — 6; Trade — 1.

*Line-Up:* McLaughlin, *RW*; Schroeder, *C*; Wilson, *LW*; Kelley, *LD*; Carriere, *RD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares:* Botbol, Grant, Leahy, Connelly, McKinnon, J. McLaughlin, Dias, Crossen, McSweeney, Adams, McCarthy, McAuliffe, Cohen, Kaufman.

## SCRAPING THE ICE

The appearance of Freshman Goalie McCarthy along with the B.L.S. "Peanut line" proved that there is plenty of material in the freshman and sophomore ranks for the future B.L.S. ice teams.

## Latin Shuts Out Memorial

February 5, 1954

Latin's hockey team strengthened its hold on top place in the Conference by shutting out Memorial today at the Arena, 4-0.

Latin did its scoring in the first and third periods, getting two in each to win easily. Ed Leahy started at 6:09 when he scored unassisted on a beautiful solo from right wing. Gene McLaughlin scored the second goal at 9:24, with an assist to Paul Kelley.

The second period was scoreless, and in the third period Paul Kelley scored both goals: the first coming at 3:56, with an assist to Ed Leahy; the second—a neat solo, in which he skated the

length of the ice, circled the defense, and blasted a shot past the Memorial goalie for the score.

*Line-Up:* Wilson, RW; Schroeder, C; McLaughlin, LW; Kelley, LD; Carriere, RD; Altmeyer, G.

*Spare:* Grant, Botbol, Leahy, Connelly, O'Connor, McAuliffe, Cohen, J. McLaughlin, Dias, Tobin, McKinnon, McSweeney.

### SHOTS FROM THE BLUE LINE

Paul Kelley continued his fine play at defense and added three points to his scoring totals . . . Ed Leahy picked up two points, and Gene McLaughlin scored his sixth goal in seven games.

## Latin's Wagon Continues to Roll

February 12, 1954

Latin's hustling hockey team continued to hold undisputed possession of first place, with a convincing 4-0 victory over Technical.

Gene McLaughlin, Latin's stellar play-maker, put them ahead when he polished off a beautiful rush by taking a pass from Paul Kelley and firing it into the nets at 8:50.

After a scoreless second period the Latin pucksters exploded for three quick goals, all within two minutes. Gene McLaughlin set up Charlie Schroeder with a beautiful pass for the first score of the period at two minutes even. Paul Kelley made it 3-0 when he scored unassisted on a long drive from the blue line at 3:50. Doug Wilson then climaxed the scoring when he

solaced in on the Tech goalie and beat him with a clean shot into the far corner at 4:10.

*Line-Up:* Wilson, RW; Schroeder, C; McLaughlin, LW; Kelley, LD; Carriere, RD; Altmeyer, G.

*Spare:* Leahy, Connelly, Grant, McAuliffe, Crossen, O'Connor, Adams, Botbol, Cohen.

### SHOTS FROM THE BLUE LINE

Latin's hockey team again put on an outstanding performance by completely outplaying the opposition . . . Orchids to the first line of Gene McLaughlin, Doug Wilson, and "Chuck" Schroeder, plus defensemen Paul Kelley and Art Carriere and Stubbie Altmeyer in the nets.

## Champs Again

February 19, 1954

The Purple and White icesters clinched the city championship by completely outskating and outscoring runner-up Dorchester. This victory ran the B.L.S. streak to nine straight. "Jack" Grant led the onslaught with two goals, followed by "Bob" Schroeder, "Gene" McLaughlin, and John

McAuliffe, who provided one apiece against a lone Dorchester goal. Co-Captains Paul Kelley and Boots Connelly, Art Carriere, and Doug McKinnon bore the burden of the defensive work; while Doug Wilson displayed some nifty puck-carrying. Stubbie Altmeyer, the sensational B.L.S. goal-



tender, was voted "Star of the Week" as a result of the sterling performances he turned in against E.H.S. and Tech. *Line-Up*: McLaughlin, *RW*; Schroeder, *C*; Wilson, *LW*; Kelley, *RD*; Carrier, *LD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares*: Botbol, Leahy, Grant, Connelly, Tobin, McKinnon, Dias, McAuliffe, J. McLaughlin, Strock.

#### IN THE GOAL

One of the highlights of the game

was the appearance once again of the B.L.S. "peanut-line" on the ice. This line—made up of sophomores J. McLaughlin, Herb Dias, and Walt McSweeney—holds promise of future successes for the B.L.S. hockey team . . . At this point Goalie "Stub" Altmeyer has been scored on only six times . . . Paul Kelley leads the league in scoring with twelve points—closely followed by Gene McLaughlin, Bob Schroeder, and Art Carriere.

## B.L.S. Edges English

February 22, 1954

The Purple puckchasers racked up their tenth straight Conference victory by downing their arch-rival English High, 2-0. The action in the first period was more or less even, with most of the action taking place in the center zone. The Blue and Blue found themselves unable to penetrate Latin's fine defense, and the Purple in turn were checked by Myles Cassidy, English's defensive ace. The only score came when Paul Kelley pushed a loose puck into the corner of the English net to give Latin a 1-0 lead.

The second stanza saw a host of penalties, most of them against Latin and hampering the Purple considerably. Throughout almost the entire period Latin had at least one man in the hoosegow, but the superb defensive work of Paul Kelley and Art Carriere kept English from lighting the lamp. Despite the fact that they were short-handed, B.L.S. occasionally threatened when Doug Wilson broke loose and gave the Blue and Blue the jitters.

The final period was completely dominated by Latin. Time and again the Purple buzzed around the English net until Kelley hit the mark with a high, hard lift from the blue line. At

one point Art Carriere broke loose outmaneuvered the whole English team but was thwarted by a fine save by the English goalie. In the latter part of the period Coach Al Thomas put in his midget line, and they impressed the spectators with their hustling. Final score: Latin—2; English—0.

*Line-Up*: McLaughlin, *LW*; Schroeder, *C*; Wilson *RW*; Carriere, *RD*; Kelley, *LD*; Altmeyer, *G*.

*Spares*: Connelly, McKinnon, Grant, Botbol, Leahy, Tobin, McAuliffe, J. McLaughlin, Dias, McSweeney, Crossen, Guillotti.

#### TOURNEY BOUND

Latin finished on top of the City League with a record of 10 wins against no losses . . . Paul Kelley led the league in scoring with 16 points . . . Only 7 goals were scored against the Purple all year, thanks to the stellar defensive play of Kelley, Carriere, and Altmeyer . . . Doug Wilson was probably the standout performer today. Although he did not score, he impressed every one by his hustling . . . Latin's opponent in the Tourney will be Lynn Classical, the North Shore champion and one of the better teams in the state.

## Latin Crushed by Classical

February 27, 1954

In a fast, action-packed game Latin was eliminated in the first round of the Met Tourney by a good Lynn Classical sextet, 2-0. Latin was out-

skated and outplayed, but never outfought.

It was evident, right from the opening face-off, that the Purple was in for

a rough time. The instant the puck was dropped, Classical players took control and swarmed over Goalie Altmeyer. Latin in turn brought the action to the other end of the ice and threatened to score before Classical took charge again. For the remainder of the initial stanza Classical buzzed around the Latin net, but Altmeyer's excellent goal-tending prevented a score. Latin seemed to have a bad case of stage-fright in this period and was unable to keep the puck in the Classical zone for any length of time.

The second period started much like the first, with Classical constantly threatening, but being thwarted by Altmeyer's netminding and the stellar defensive work of Paul Kelley and Art Carriere. At 3:24, however, Wonoski of Classical, the leading scorer in the North Shore League, broke loose; and, despite Art Carriere's desperate attempt to ride him into the boards, he managed to slip the puck past Altmeyer for the game's first tally. At this point, Latin seemed to come to life. Sparked by Paul Kelley, they took the play away from Classical and rained shots upon their goalie. Time and time again, purple jerseys flocked around the Classical net, but their goalie always flopped on the puck when the pressure was on.

In the third period the play was fairly even. Latin tried desperately to get the equalizer, but once again the Classical goalie turned them aside. Late in the game a Classical player picked up the puck behind his own net, outskated the Latin defensemen, pulled Altmeyer out of position, and scored. With fifteen seconds remaining, Coach Thomas pulled out the goalie for a sixth skater, but the Purple was unable to score. Final score: Lynn Classical — 2; Latin — 0.

#### FINIS

Although the Latin team was, for the most part, outplayed, it was never outfought. This was the most determined team, in your reporter's opinion, to represent Latin in recent scholastic competition . . . Classical's Wonoski was just too good for Latin's defense to handle . . . Coach Al Thomas and Manager Keith O'Donnell should be commended for their tireless efforts to make this team a success . . . Paul Kelley's stickhandling consistently got the Purple out of trouble, and he was instrumental in starting most of Latin's drives . . . The outlook for next season is excellent. With such standouts as Altmeyer, Botbol, Grant, and Leahy returning, Latin should field another good team.

## Basketball

### Latin Drops Opener

*January 8, 1954*

Playing their first game away from home, the Purple succumbed to a strong Dorchester team, 54-37. Center Bob Watkins, who fouled out in the third period, was high-scorer, dumping in two field-goals and three out of seven foul-shots. The Pattenmen just couldn't find the hoop. Perhaps the Red and Black, playing on their home-court, had a slight advantage; and they certainly made the most of it. At the end of a slow first period, the score stood Dor-

chester — 11, B.L.S. — 7. In the second quarter, their lead increased to 24 to 19. When Watkins fouled out early in the third period, it was clear that the Purple was fighting a lost cause. Final score; 54-37.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

With more experience, this team may go places. Keep your eye on Bennett, Casey, and Watkins; they seem to be able to score often . . . Let's hope we get stronger on the defense.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Brandli <i>R.F.</i>	1	1	3
Thompson	0	0	0
Russman	1	3	5
Stebbins <i>L.F.</i>	2	2	6
Dixon	0	0	0
Strom	0	0	0
Watkins <i>C.</i>	2	3	7
Bennett	2	2	6
Leven	0	1	1
McDonough	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	1	4	6
Honan	0	0	0
Carey <i>L.G.</i>	0	3	3
Paguiarulo	0	0	0
Collias	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	9	19	37



## Latin Trounces Trade

January 15, 1954

Playing at home, a strong B.L.S. quintet trampled Trade, 55-32. Sparkling both defensively and offensively, the Linguists started slowly. As the first chucker drew to a close, the score stood even, 12-12; but in the second, B.L.S. surged ahead, bringing the score to 27-21. Jack Bennett was high scorer, sinking three four-shots and eleven field-goals, accounting for twenty-five of the fifty-five Purple points. A marked improvement in the Latin defense brought obvious results. Although they really tried hard, Trade could score only eleven points in the second half, as compared with twenty-eight Latin tallies. Final score: 55-32.

### HEARD IN THE LOCKER-ROOM

Only Casey fouled out today, in a very cleanly played game . . . We don't know what happened, but this

wasn't the same team that was smothered by D.H.S. the week before . . . Here's hoping the team continues to climb.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Watkins <i>R.F.</i>	0	1	1
Brandli	2	0	4
Carey	3	3	9
Russman <i>L.F.</i>	0	1	1
McDonough	1	0	2
Honan	0	1	1
Bennett <i>C.</i>	11	3	25
Leven	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	2	0	4
Thompson	0	0	0
Dixon	0	0	0
Collias	0	0	0
Stebbins <i>L.G.</i>	2	0	4
Schneider	1	0	2
Pagliarulo	1	0	2
<i>Totals</i>	23	9	55

## Memorial Nips Latin

January 18, 1954

Trekking to a foreign court, the Purple dropped a close one to Memorial, 57-49. In the first quarter, B.L.S. pulled ahead to a 16-13 lead; and,

driving right through the second period, they brought the tally to 28-27. A burst of speed from the opposition in the third chukker put Latin behind by

four points; and, despite a lot of driving in the last round, the team couldn't quite close the gap. The Purple lost today's game on foul shots. They tallied thirteen times out of twenty-two, with Memorial sinking 13 out of 16. Those eight points could have saved the game. Final score: 57-49.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

John Bennett and Frank Casey shared the honors today, with 13 and 12 points respectively . . . The Purple looked much better; they seemed to be functioning as a unit. Maybe they'll come through against Tech.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Watkins <i>R.F.</i>	0	2	2
Brandli	2	3	7
Carey <i>L.F.</i>	0	0	0
Honan	1	2	4
McDonough	0	0	0
Bennett <i>C.</i>	5	3	13
Leven	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	6	0	12
Thompson	0	0	0
Dixon	0	0	0
Collias	0	0	0
Stebbins <i>L.G.</i>	2	3	7
Pagliarulo	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	18	13	49

## Tech Romps

January 21, 1954

A hard-driving Tech team outclassed Latin, 58-40. Picking up a six-point lead in the first period, they drove their way to a 26-16 margin at the half, drawing fouls as they went. Casey, who fouled out in the second quarter, was followed in the third by Bennett. In a roughly contested second half, the Artisans clung to their lead; and the final score was Tech — 58; B.L.S. — 40.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

With a record of 1-4, the Purple is in the cellar. But you've got to hand it to them; they're in there punching till the final whistle . . . Maybe they'll beat B.C. High.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Watkins <i>R.F.</i>	2	2	6
Brandli	0	0	0
Harrington	0	0	0
Carey <i>L.F.</i>	1	5	7
McDonough	0	0	0
Bennett <i>C.</i>	2	4	8
Leven	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	0	2	2
Thompson	0	0	0
Dixon	1	0	2
Collias	0	0	0
Honan <i>L.G.</i>	2	8	12
Stebbins	0	0	0
Shnider	0	1	1
Pagliarulo	1	0	2
<i>Totals</i>	9	22	40

## Latin Over B.C. High

January 26, 1954

Racing to an early twelve-point lead in the first period, the Purple set a blistering pace and scorched the Eaglets, 47-30. Jack Stebbins was high-scorer, sinking five field-goals and five out of six free-throws. Picking up fourteen quick points in the second quarter, B.L.S. led, 35-16. In the third and fourth periods, Latin kept up the pressure and came through with some of the best defensive play we have ever seen. Final score: 47-30.

#### LOCKER-ROOM LISTENING

A win over B.C. High — no cinch — but we did it! . . . Maybe, from now on, we'll get out of the red .

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	5	5	15
Watkins	2	3	7
Brandli	2	0	4
Carey <i>L.F.</i>	0	0	0
McDonough	0	0	0
Bennett <i>C.</i>	3	0	6
Leven	0	0	0
Dixon	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	3	2	8
Thompson	0	0	0
Collias	0	0	0
Honan <i>L.G.</i>	3	0	6
Shnider	0	1	1
Pagliarulo	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	18	11	47



## Purple Bows to English

January 28, 1954

A game between traditional rivals resulted in an untraditional score as B.L.S. submitted to English, 77-48. With two players scoring twenty points or better, English made our defenses look non-existent. The fact that two of our high-scorers fouled out before the end of the third quarter didn't help, either. At the end of the half, English led by thirteen points. In the second half, English outscored the Purple — 39-22, and the final score was 77-48.

### BENCH NOTES

Watkins and Stebbins fouled out, giving Bennett no competition for the high scorer's niche. But eleven points shouldn't have put him there . . . Better luck next time.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	1	3	5
Brandli	1	0	2
Harrington	0	0	0
Watkins <i>L.F.</i>	1	2	4
Carey	3	3	9
McDonough	0	2	2
Bennett <i>C.</i>	5	1	11
Leven	0	2	2
Nixon	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	0	0	0
Collias	0	0	0
Thompson	3	2	8
Honan <i>L.G.</i>	1	0	2
Pagliarulo	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	15	18	48

## Tech Over Purple in Rematch

February 1, 1954



Playing away from home in a futile attempt to atone for the loss of the first Tech encounter, the Pattenmen once more were outhooped, 69-40. It would be interesting to compare the highlights of the two games. In the first, B.L.S. got 64.7% of the free throws, well over Tech's 55.8%. In the second, the Purple had 66.7%, as compared with Tech's 36.9%. In the first game sixteen personal fouls were called against both sides; while in the second, the Artisans committed twelve personals and the Purple forty-five. All

of which proves nothing; but as mentioned before, the statistics are interesting.

As a fast first half drew to a close, we trailed by sixteen points, 36 to 20; and the second half was more of the same. Final score: 67-40.

### DRIBBLING AROUND THE COURT

Frank Casey and Dick Carey shared the honors today, thirteen tallies apiece . . . From the foul-line we have a good team, and yet something is lacking. Could it be a good defense?

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	1	3	5
Brandli	0	0	0
Russman	1	0	2
Watkins <i>L.F.</i>	1	0	2
Carey	4	5	13
McDonough	0	0	0
Bennett <i>C.</i>	1	1	3
Leven	3	0	6
Dixon	0	0	0
Casey <i>R.G.</i>	5	3	13
Collias	0	0	0
Thompson	1	0	2
Honan <i>L.G.</i>	0	0	0
Pagliarulo	2	0	4
Harrington	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	28	12	40

## Purple Shades Eaglets

February 5, 1954

In a fast-moving game the B.L.S. quintet downed B.C. High in a rematch, 63-61, in overtime. Paced by Frank Casey, who fouled out in the second quarter, and Jack Pagliarulo, his replacement, who had twelve tallies apiece, the Pattenmen were on top of a two-point spread (32-30) when the whistle closed the half. In a keenly contested third period, the Eaglets pulled ahead by one point; but the B.L.S. men tied it up at 58-all at the end of the fourth period. Both teams hit with a foul-shot and a field-goal; and in a "sudden-death" overtime, with a 61-61 tie, Dick Carey sank a two-pointer that ended the game. Final score: B.L.S. — 63, B.C.H. — 61.

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Well, Latin School proved its determination. It was fight, fight, fight,

all the way; and no one gave up . . . The shooting, in general, was better, and the defense continued to improve.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	0	2	2
Leven	3	1	7
Brandli	0	0	0
Russman <i>L.F.</i>	2	3	7
Honan	0	0	0
Watkins <i>C.</i>	1	4	6
Strom	0	0	0
Bennett <i>C.</i>	0	0	0
Dixon	0	0	0
Carey <i>R.G.</i>	4	2	10
Collias	0	0	0
Thompson	3	1	7
Casey <i>L.G.</i>	4	4	12
Pagliarulo	4	4	12
McDonough	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	21	21	63

## Memorial Nips Latin

February 8, 1954

In their second meeting of the season, Roxbury Memorial edged the Purple, 48 to 44. Although Latin was playing as one man, showing real teamwork, the team lacked a star, a 20-point man to match McCall with his twenty-six. Fewer fouls were called against the Pattenmen today than during any other game this season. Maybe this is a step in the right direction. At the end of the fast-moving first half, Latin trailed by only one point, 23 to 24. It was still any one's ball game.

In the second half, Memorial pulled out all the stops and just managed to pick up three more points than B.L.S. Final score: Memorial — 48; Latin — 44.

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Barry Russman seized the dubious

laurels of high scorer today, with nine points. If only Jimmy Francis were back!

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	3	1	7
Brandli	1	0	2
Russman <i>L.F.</i>	3	3	9
McDonough	0	0	0
Honan	1	0	2
Bennett <i>C.</i>	1	0	2
Leven	2	0	4
Dixon	0	0	0
Watkins <i>R.G.</i>	2	3	7
Collias	0	0	0
Thompson	0	0	0
Casey <i>L.G.</i>	2	2	6
Pagliarulo	2	0	4
Harrington	0	1	1
<i>Totals</i>	17	10	44

## Latin Nips Trade

February 11, 1954

The Purple defeated Trade for the second time this season, 47-46. High-scorer with fifteen points, Jack Stebbins sparled the team to a 30-27 lead in the first half. In the second semester, some smoother defensive play kept the

Mechanics from closing the gap. Final score: 47-46.

### STRAY SET SHOTS

Although it was a slow game, with a small spread, the tilt showed a new

team to Phineas Fan . . . There was more co-operation, less ball-hogging, and a display of good defensive tactics. Let's hope it stays that way.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	7	1	15
Brandli	0	0	0
Salton	0	1	1
Russman <i>L.F.</i>	2	3	7
Honan	0	0	0
McDonough	0	0	0
Carey	1	2	4
Watkins <i>C.</i>	3	2	8
Dixon	0	0	0
Bennett	0	0	0
Thompson <i>R.G.</i>	1	4	6
Collias	0	0	0
Casey <i>L.G.</i>	0	2	2
Pagliarulo	2	0	4
Harrington	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	16	15	47



## Dorchester Trounces Purple

*February 19, 1954*

In a repeat performance, the Red and Black outshot Latin, 45-36. The Pattenmen sorely missed Frank Casey, who fouled out in the first period, and Barry Russman, who didn't get into the game. From the first whistle, Latin was never less than five points behind their opponents, who seemed to do nothing but take foul-shots throughout the first half. As the whistle started the third period, the Purple trailed 23-13, and a slow second half brought the final score to D.H.S. — 45; B.L.S. — 36.

### FROM THE FOUL LINE

Well . . . If some people would draw

fouls instead of making them, we might have won the game. Actually, Dorchester is a past master at the art of foul-drawing, and the boys can be forgiven. The high scorer (name withheld) had seven points. Wow!

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins <i>R.F.</i>	2	2	6
Leven	0	0	0
Brandli	1	0	2
McDonough	0	0	0
Thompson <i>L.F.</i>	2	3	7
Russman	0	0	0
Dixon	0	0	0
Watkins <i>C.</i>	2	1	5

## Purple Bows to Blue and Blue

*March 1, 1954*

By almost the same score as that of their previous tilt, the Pattenmen succumbed to their traditional rivals, 47-76. Trailing by six points at the first quarter and by eighteen at the half,

the Purple never had a chance. A one-sided second half made the final score of the season read: English — 76; B.L.S. — 47.

## SIDELINES

Latin's high scorer had twelve points; English's, 28 . . . *Eh bien, c'est la vie* . . . Wait till next year . . . Orchids to Mr. Patten, the coach, and Charlie Clifford, the manager, for a good effort and great endurance . . . Season's record: 4 wins; 8 losses — B.L.S. scored 563 points to their opponents' 653, for an average of 46.9 points per game, against 51.4 . . . The team defeated B.C.H. and Trade twice apiece, losing all other games.

	<i>F.G.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>PTS.</i>
Stebbins	0	0	0
Leven <i>R.F.</i>	1	7	9
McDonough	0	0	0
Brandli <i>L.F.</i>	0	5	5
Dixon	0	0	0
Watkins <i>C.</i>	2	6	10
Bennett	0	2	2
Thompson <i>R.G.</i>	6	0	12
Harrington	0	0	0
Salton	2	0	4
Rusman <i>L.G.</i>	0	2	2
Fagliarulo	1	0	2
Chasias	0	1	1
<i>Totals</i>	12	23	47

## Track

### Latin Strong in Opener

January 12, 1954

At the Watertown Armory on the first day of the 1954 track season the Purple and White scored 88 points, topped only by powerful Tech's 108. Latin's Class A saw Mazer and Viera run second and third in the hurdles. In the "300" Rose and Serser came in second and third. Maguire won a strong runner-up in the 400. Senior Class President Jack Boussy took second in the 600. Tom Flynn, the cross-country team captain, and O'Neil added to Latin's score, by running first and fourth in the 1000. Bob Holtz, a strong top flight prospect for next year, won the mile, and Art Mayo showed his usual excellent form in the 60 with a win.

In Class B, Dave Rosenthal, Latin's great point-winner in this division, took a first place in the hurdles. In the 220, Dick Murray led the way for his teammates Franchi and Doyle, who monopolized the 220 with first, second, and third places. Cahn won a runner-up in the 440. Dan Eagan and Kenny Diggins came in first and third in the 880. Carp won the 50, and Latin's relay team came in first.

In Class C, Donovan ended up in second place in the 600, while Sneirson took third. In the 176 Katz won a strong runner-up, and in the 50 Lieberman ran second.

### Latin Strong in B.A.A.

January 16, 1954

The Purple and White opened the 1954 indoor track season by taking fifth place in a fiercely contested B.A.A. Meet. In the 50 Art Mayo won first. Chet Rose took fourth in the 300. Tom

Flynn was fifth in the 1000. In the time-trials for the mile Bob Holtz came in first place. Dave Rosenthal won a third place in the high jump, which saw a National record tied.





## Latin Wins Quad Meet

Latin finally grasped the glistening wreath as she won the Quad Meet by scoring 129 points to 110  $\frac{1}{2}$  for English, 62 for Memorial, and 17  $\frac{1}{2}$  for Dorchester.

In Class A the boys wearing the Purple and White showed their strength when two old reliables — Art Mayo and Chet Rose — tied for first place in the high jump. Mazer and Maguire won first and second places in the broad jump. Troiano took first place in the shot-put. Keefe came in third in the 600. Holtz and Daley won first and fourth places in the mile. Dick Marshall finished third in the 300. Once again Art Mayo came in with a first in the 50, and the relay team was a close runner-up.

In Class B Dave Rosenthal, Latin's claim to fame in '55, was in his usual brilliant form and took a first in the high jump. Pete Franchi scored a strong second in the broad jump. Another sparkling performance was turned in by Paul Campanis, who won another

first place for the Latins in the shot-put and was followed by Janjigian, who came in as runner-up. Siparsky gained second place in the hurdles. Dave Rosenthal added more points to the Purple and White score with his second in the 440. Doherty, Eagan, and Diggins came in first, third, and fourth in the 880. Rick Murray, Cahn, and Doyle came in first, second, and third respectively in the 220; and Carp came in second in the 10. The relay team took first place.

In Class C, Ligerman and Kopelman copped first and fourth in the high jump, while Crossen, Buonopane, and David won second, third, and fourth respectively in the broad jump. The shot-put saw Feitelbert take second and Kowalski cop third. Kopelman came in third in the hurdles; Donovan, third in the 600; Katz, third in the 176; Broan, fourth in the 220; and Friedman, third in the 50. The relay team again came in first.

## Latin Holds Its Own in State Meet

In spite of its being undermanned, Latin managed to make a good showing by taking sixth place in the State Meet. Dave Rosenthal was a runner-up in the 45-yard hurdles, which was re-run and won after an early start by Fran Washington of Trade. In the 50 Art Mayo came in first place. Troiano took first in the shot-put, and Dave Rosenthal

came in third in the high jump.

In the finals Rosenthal won fourth in the 45-yard hurdles, while Mayo was a runner-up in the final 50. The Purple and White relay squad also took a third-place. Thanks are due Coach "Charley" Fitzgerald, under whose direction we may look forward to more victories.

# EDITORIALS

## *Of Teen-Age Individualism*

HARVEY PRESSMAN, '54

Four boys saunter down a high school corridor. All wear white dress shirts, open at the collar; gray flannel pants; and dirty white "bucks". Crew cuts are levelled off at the same height. Three girls walk out of a neighborhood "Y". The hair of each is in a "pony-tail"; each wears worn-down loafers, ankle sox, dirty blue denims, rolled to the calf. All chew the same brand of gum; all talk rather loudly . . . Two "cats" enter the "Hi-Hat". Both wear pants tightly pegged about the ankles, "rolled" collars, drape suits, and suede shoes, and "D.A." hair-cuts. Both swagger to the same degree on both sides . . . Two girls stroll down a quiet street in a fashionable residential area. They wear woolen knee-sox, Bermuda shorts, shoulder pocketbooks. Their knees are even "knocked" to the same degree.

The great majority of teen-agers dutifully follow clothing "fads" — and for very good reason. Somebody once said, "No man is an island unto himself." How much more true is that statement in the case of teen-agers. Fear of exclusion, an impelling desire to be "one of the gang", readily conquers any individualistic tendencies of the teen-ager. It is safer, more enjoyable, easier, to be part of the herd than to be the shepherd.

There are, however, those teen-agers who look upon "fads" as ludicrous, who prefer to choose clothes and other things according to personal taste. They are impervious to the fear of "being different," which shackles most teen-agers to the chains of conformity. They are not people who take Emerson's "Who so would be a man must be a nonconformist" and use it as a reason for doing weird things. Rather they are believers in the tenet that whosoever would be a man must be an individualist — basing his choices not upon what other people are doing, but upon what he considers right. If what people are doing and what he decides coincide, so much the better; if not, so what? Again quoting Mr. Emerson, and this time concurring with our greatest alumnus, "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members."

Often, parents and educators tend to reduce youth to a pattern; to suppress individualistic tendencies in youth, considering them "dangerous" or "silly". Very few realize that individualism is the force that expedites maturity, that produces manhood and leadership — a quantity of which there never has been and never will be an abundance; a priceless quality which properly should be nurtured from earliest discovery. Parents should encourage, not discourage, teen-agers to think individualistically and rationally. Youth should be taught to follow the sound admonition of the great Emerson: "Insist on yourself; never imitate."

## *To Read or Not to Read*

Far be it from us, the editorial staff of the *Register* and mere Seniors, to pretend to be more capable of forming government policies than the experienced statesmen in the United States Senate. Having, however, an intimate and present knowledge of the educational process, we believe that the conclusions stated below are reasonable.

An individual, to qualify as a competent citizen, must be mature in his thinking and judgment: else, he is in constant danger of being influenced unduly by smooth-talking politicians. This maturity of thought cannot be developed unless the individual, from his earliest contact with education, be given the opportunity to distinguish between right and wrong. If all literature except the faultless, the traditional, and the virtuous be snatched from him because of fear that he might cultivate mistaken ideas or impressions, he will accept everything which he then or later hears or reads as equally reliable and well-intentioned. Herein lies the basis of our argument against the so-called "book-burners."

Prominent news space has recently been given the claim of a Mid-Western educator that the tales of "Robin Hood" be stricken from the English curriculum of the schools because of its "Communist tendencies." It is claimed that the idea of taking from the rich to give to the poor, as practiced by the "Merry Men", is similar to the Marxist doctrine and should be placed beyond the reach of impressionable school children.

Although this is an extreme point of view, it illustrates the silliness and even the danger of having great literature censored by a group of reformers. The greater the number of opportunities removed from children to distinguish the true from the false by exercise of their *own* judgment, the greater the possibility that the country will suffer from the control of millions of naïve voters by unscrupulous or self-interested leaders.

## *A Prayer*

EMANUEL A. SCHEGLOFF, '54

Entangled in a twisted maze,  
The troubled soul in silence prays  
For freedom from its mental haze,  
For some of wisdom's brilliant rays.  
It has been wretched many days;  
It has been tortured many ways.  
Still tormented by worldly craze,  
The mind its right to think betrays.  
"Where can be found a trusty shield?  
A guard that will to lust not yield?  
An armor to all evil steeled  
And all the good within it sealed."  
As on a greenish fertile field  
The searching soul in prayer kneeled  
To beg its wounds might soon be healed,  
Soon answering bells from Heaven had pealed.

## In Memoriam

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EDWIN F. A. BENSON

Head of English Department

1925-1948

Cultured Gentleman

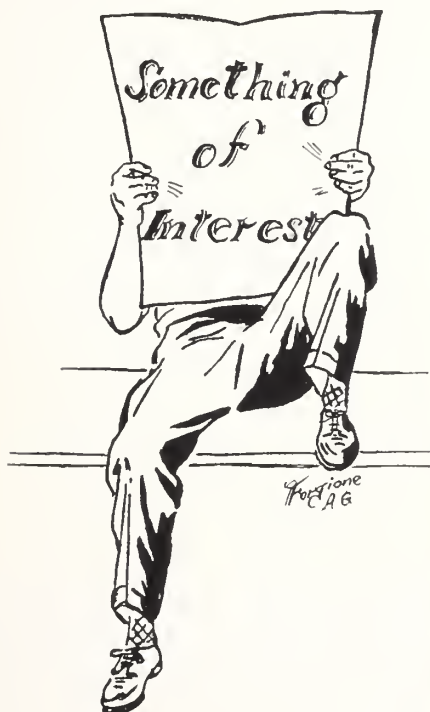
Respected Colleague

Devoted Teacher

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Requiescat in Pace





HERBERT S. WAXMAN, '54

The Key Clubs of the Boston Public Schools held a rally on vandalism at Faneuil Hall on November 22. Among the speakers were prominent educational, religious, and civic leaders and representatives of the Kiwanis organizations. On the lighter side of the program was entertainment provided by the Boston Public Schools' Symphony Band and recording star Cindy Lord. Incidentally, the general consensus was that vandalism is a social evil.

\* \* \* \*

Recently, the Massachusetts Council of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews sponsored their Third Annual Goodwill dinner, at which members of the Boston Red Sox were honored guests. Henry Tafe, John Stebbins, John Boussy, Bruce Nielsen, Arthur Mayo, John Connelly, Anthony Giordano, Robert Watson, Matthew Levine, and Robert Paguette were guests of the Council. After a speech made by Mayor Hynes, a drawing was held for a jacket. Henry Tafe was the holder of the lucky number.

On Wednesday evening, February 24, the Purple and White Midwinter Dance was held in the Governor Bradford Room of the Hotel Bradford. The music for the occasion was provided by George Graham's band. The Committee is to be congratulated for organizing such a successful and enjoyable social function.



Speaking of tutors, the National Honor Society members at Latin School were awarded a certificate of merit by Radio Station WBZ at an assembly on December 7. WBZ, sponsor of a program on civic problems, "The John Freedom" Show, acknowledged the great service to the community displayed by N.H.S. in tutoring lower classmen. Under the system instituted this year, every morning at 7:45, N.H.S. tutors give a half-hour's instruction to boys having difficulties with their studies.

\* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, December 22, a number of Seniors were inducted into the Boston Latin School chapter of the National Honor Society in a ceremony held in the Assembly Hall. Permanent Chairman Martino officiated at the induction, which featured addresses by Charles Berlin, Donald Benander, Isaac Druker, and Nicholas Walshe on the four requisites for membership in the society: Scholarship, Leadership, Character, and Service. At the assembly, the boys of Class II were informed that they could fulfill the service qualification if they volunteered their services as tutors.



When Radio Station WVOM gave out awards for members chosen as the "All Boston" team, members of the B.L.S. football squad received their share of recognition. Four members of our team were voted by the members of the other high school squads as first-team material: Matthew Levine, John Connelly, Frank Casey, and Norm Shnider. These boys were awarded gold charms by the radio station.

\* \* \* \*

On December 15, the members of Classes I and III were privileged to attend an assembly at which a representative of the MGM motion picture studios spoke on their production of "Julius Caesar" — starring Marlon Brando, James Mason, and Louis Calhern. The lecture was illustrated by slides showing how the picture was produced. Of infinitely greater enjoyment to the assiduous Latin School students were a few slides of Esther Williams that happened to be mingled with the shots of "Julius Caesar".

\* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, December 23, the Debating Club presented a forum on the subject, "Should a Free College Education be Awarded all Superior Students?" Michael Seelig moderated the discussion in which panelists Henry Tafe, Gerald Kolodny, Anthony Giordano, and Harvey Mendel Pressman took part.

The *Boston Globe*, sponsor of the High School Editors' Club, presented the *Register* with a number of tickets for a special showing of "Julius Caesar" at the Majestic Theater. Shortly thereafter, we were again guests of the *Boston Globe* at a showing of the J. Arthur Rank production of "Hamlet". A showing of the film "The Best Years of Our Lives" at the Statler Hotel wound up the current series of motion pictures to which the High School Editors' Club has been invited. We heartily recommend that you see whichever of these pictures are playing currently when you read this column. At another *Globe*-sponsored gathering, we were privileged to meet the stars of the comedy "Ondine", Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer.



On January 28 and 29, the Dramatics Club of G.L.S., assisted by members of our own student body, presented the comedy "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" — in the Latin School auditorium. Mr. Mark Russo directed the production, which featured Fred Shanfield, John Collins, Anne Johnson, Gaby Pintus, Joseph Detroia, Keith O'Donnell, and Nancy King. Behind stage, the props were controlled by Patricia McArdle, Jerome Sherman, Mike Edelstein, and Richard Finkel. Grace Papps and Michael Bolotin were in charge of publicity, and Roger Millen drew the posters.

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At the meeting of the Modern History Club on Thursday, January 28, Father DePauw, the representative of the Vatican City to the United Nations, delivered an address on "The United Nations versus Colonialism."

## *Our Lords and Masters*

### FRANCIS PATRICK CARROLL

Head of Science Department . . . Teaches physics in 312 . . . Resides in Dorchester . . . Married four children . . . Boston College High School ('21), Boston College (A.B. '25) (A.M. '26) . . . Has taught at Latin School for twenty-five years — ten years as Head of the Science Department . . . Advice: "Just tell 'em to work hard."



### WILLIAM JAMES POWERS

Teaches history and geography in 215 . . . Resides in Charlestown . . . Not Married . . . Education: High School of Commerce, '35; Boston College B.S., '42; Boston Teachers College — Ed.M., '45 . . . Ensign, Coast Guard, '43; Atlantic Patrol, '45 . . . Previously taught at Roxbury Memorial, South Boston High; Latin School, '47-'48, '52-'54 . . . Hobby: sports . . . Advice: "No comment."

### MAURICE JOHN DOWNEY

Head of Mathematics Department; Home-Room 332 . . . Resides in Hyde Park . . . Education: Boston College High 1924; Boston College A.B. 1928; A.M. 1929; Harvard University School of Education . . . Previously at Boston Latin School '30-'31; Portsmouth Priory School '31-'37; Boston Trade High School '37-'41; School for Adults '46-'47; Baking School '49-'54; Catholic University, summer '53 . . . Reader in plane geometry for College Entrance Examination Board '34-'37 . . . Captain—Army Air Corps '42-'47 . . . Chief of Officers' Section, Guam '45-'46 . . . Officer, New England Football Officials Association; Member, Eastern Intercollegiate Football Officials Association . . . Married; no children . . . Advice: "Take advantage of all the wonderful opportunities that are offered by Latin School."





## *Alumni Notes*

MARSHALL S. HORWITZ, '54

Edward L. Saxe, '33, former controller of CBS television and radio, has been appointed vice-president of that organization. He first joined CBS in 1946; and, prior to his appointment, he held minor positions on the Executive Board.

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Richard G. Wharton, '53, was elected Captain of the Harvard freshman track team. He was a member of the Crimson freshman cross-country squad last fall and has won the six-hundred-yard race in all four track meets so far for the unbeaten squad.

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Francis P. Saponaro, '27, has been elected vice-president of the Algonquin Gas Transmission Company. He was formerly a manager of the Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation of Shreveport, Louisiana, but has moved to Boston to accept his new position.

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Two former editors of the *Latin School Register*, Arnold Isenberg, '38, and Joseph Levenson, '37, have contributed articles to the "American Anthropologist". The articles in a volume called "Studies in Chinese Thought," were entitled respectively "Some Problems of Interpretation" and "*History and Value: The Tensions of Intellectual Choice in Modern China*".

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Julian D. Steele, '25, Town Moderator and cattle farmer in West Newbury, Massachusetts, has established the West Newbury Forum for the discussion of problems of general interest. Started as a men's group in the Congregational Church, it has grown so that residents of other communities now attend its lectures and take part in its discussions.

A. M. Sonnabend, '14, has been elected President of Childs Dining Hall Company. Sonnabend, a resident of Brookline, has recently bought the Plaza Hotel to add to the string of many others of which he is executive director.

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Herbert W. Beaser, '30, assistant counsel of the United States subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, was in Boston recently for a televised hearing about the delinquency problem in Massachusetts. Beaser, who has been in Washington since 1939, has had considerable experience with agencies dealing with youngsters. He has also served as an adviser to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt on health, education, and welfare under the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations.

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Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, '19, has uncovered some contradictory material about the famous Piltdown Man. Recent discoveries have led to skepticism as to the exact time during which the famous specimen is said to have lived. In an article in the "New Yorker", the geologist at the Museum of Natural History was quoted as saying, "There's long been a strong feeling that Piltdown was not a very Kosher specimen."

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While Leonard Bernstein, '35 — pianist, conductor, and composer — was traveling through Italy, he was persuaded to conduct Luigi Cherubini's "Medea" before Milan's *La Scala Opera*. Although he was sick with bronchitis, he succeeded in preparing for the concert with only five days of rehearsal. On the stage, Bernstein stole the show with his inimitable style. He was acclaimed by some of the best critics as "absolutely predestined to music" and "undisputably brilliant."





## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS  
W. MOGAN

Nov. 30: That was a refreshing weekend! We took those Blue and Blue slobs handily, with one T.D. to spare. I guess "Pep" had his boys smelling turkey! Well done!

Dec. 1: As Louella Parsons would say, "What maaaaster was caught speeding by an angry man in blue this morning?" Huh, Mr. Mac, . . . sir?

Dec. 2: At the recent V.D. (Victory Dance), several boys were noticed in the company of teen-age girls closely related to Latin School masters. *Ye R.R.R.* wonders whether such action is retribution or retaliation. *Answer:* Yes.

Dec. 3: (a) At the Honor Society meeting, the proposal for a new motto was carried by one vote. The motto of the NHS will hereafter be *UBI MAGISTER DICIT, FAC!*

(b) Home-room masters passed out report cards. Home-room occupants passed out . . .

Dec. 4: The gray-haired leprechaun of 319 and vicinity is *not* infallible. He nonchalantly catapulted into the air a bottle of concentrated  $H_2SO_4$ , but missed it on the return trip. Gazing dolefully at the smoke rising from the floor, he said apologetically, "Gettin' old; gotta allow for one error Friday the sixth. Pity, though!"

Dec. 7: *Ye R.R.R.* has discovered he can get a B.A. degree by blowing his brains out — at least, if he attends Yale, where a B.L.S. grad has just received his master's degree for meritorious performance on the trombone.

Dec. 8: Got a funeral, prom, *Bar Mitzvah*, or wedding? *Ye R.R.R.* has learned that Salvo (301) is in possession of a tuxedo, in exceedingly good condition, and has been prevailed upon to lend it out on occasion. (This will teach certain people to ask the *R.R.R.* for three dollars.)

Dec. 9: *Overheard in 335:*

*Master:* Peters, have you a note for being late last Thursday?

*Pupil:* Gee, sir; I forgot. I'm sorry; I'll bring it in tomorrow.

*Master:* Oh, that's perfectly all right. It could have happened to any one. By the way, four marks and an exclusion blank if it's not in by tomorrow.

Dec. 10: A teacher of English in 235 who shall remain nameless straight-facedly asked a "stude", known to be suffering from an over-active colon: "Say, son, if you have an asterisk (\*), put it down there at the bottom of the page." The *R.R.R.* is still wondering what, if anything, he had in mind.

Dec. 11: Johnny was in NHS,

But Johnny was no sop.

When he was asked to tutor,

He refused . . . "Chop-Chop."

Dec. 14: It's amazing to what lengths certain sadistically humorous masters will go to satisfy! Home-room masters have been receiving a series of *billets douces*, worded quaintly thus: "1 plus 2 — grinning inattentiveness"; or "3 minus 1 — unstable attentive-

ness": or "2 plus 3 = doing his Arabic, or whatever, in class."

*Dec. 15:* *Volunteer*: one who acts from choice or free will.

*Dec. 16:* Drill Captains are writing new chapters in the countless volumes of Military Science on "Facing the Music". They probably mean the wind section.

*Dec. 17:* *Ye R.R.R.* came up with a bright way to end all this great country's subversive indigestion: Go to a Socialist and give him fifty bucks. He is now automatically a capitalist. (All in the Christmas spirit, of course, Senator!)

*Dec. 18:* The boys of NHS were treated to a rare sight after the special assembly to honor our adoption of the tutorial system. Our Headmaster gave a neat exhibition of toe-dancing and rope-skipping, when he ably hopped over a WBZ Radio cord stretched a foot above the ground.

*Dec. 21:* Shortest day of the year. Longest night of the year.

*Dec. 22:* Members of the Circulation Staff distributed *Registers*; members of the Literary Staff distributed themselves in inaccessible parts of the building.

*Dec. 23:* Doing another stellar reporting job, *Ye R.R.R.* has compiled a complete list of boys who decided to postpone the winter vacation by one day for the purpose of doing research work at Brookline High School.

*Dec. 24-Jan. 3:* Taking to heart the Headmaster's advice to "Study those sheets," *Ye R.R.R.* spent the greater part of this vacation in bed.

*Jan. 5:* What happened to Jan. 4?

*Jan. 6:* Candidate for most naïve Sixie of the year is the one who inquired innocently of a Senior, "Are the Harvard dormitories really made of college boards?"

*Jan. 7:* *Pupil*: "Sir, that line will hit the plane, won't it?"

*Master*: "Don't be so bloodthirsty, Pyoopill: say, rather, 'will meet the plane gently in a point'. Have pity on yon solid, pleezz!" (Guess who?)

*Jan. 8:* *Ye R.R.R.* hereby nominates for Number One on his Hate Parade phys. ed. on Wednesday, last period. These 40-minute sessions of nothing would be intolerable but for the

clever wit of a clever wit. His latest: "By the numbers, in tight circles, button lips!"

*Jan. 9:* Saturday: abbreviated S-A-T (Scholastic Aptitude Test). Boy, were we SAT upon for three hours!

*Jan. 11:* *Hosca*: Gee, those college broads are rough.

*Hogdon*: You mean college boards, don't you?

*Hosca*: Been to Radcliffe lately?

*Jan. 12:* Boys who braved the elements and plowed through the drifts were rewarded for their hardihood by early dismissal.

*Jan. 13:* How many remember the day when the skies darkened and 235 was treated to an exceptional sight and sound. When the Noble One later commented on the episode, he was heard to say, "I thought the radiator valve was letting off steam, when suddenly the easy flow of my discourse was interrupted by another easy flow."

*Jan. 14:* Boys hearing the patter of little feet are *not* imagining things. Seems a certain room in the school, known as "The Aviary" (for obvious reason), has become the house of some hamsters (and we don't mean comedians).

*Jan. 15:* And speaking of animals, the *Register* recently had an offer from a certain Dorchester statesman, at a very reasonable cost, of an adult male hippopotamus for one of the prizes in the "I Am Who" Contest. The *Register* takes this opportunity to inform the kindly Dorchester gentleman and all other male hippopotamus salesmen that we now have a *surplus* of adult hippotami. (They come free with every three aardvarks.)

*Jan. 18:* *From 202*: "Get this through your blocks! The word is spelled just as it sounds. Realize you're human, and use your heads. Now listen: L i l i u o k a l a n i !!"

*Jan. 19:* A master took his life in his hands today. Late in the period, he turned to his clock-watching class and singled out a dull-eyed student, "Will that boy yawning stand up!" At this, every one in the class heaved himself out of his seat and said cheerily, "Yes, sir!"

*Jan. 20:* The boy who, as a candidate for composer of the Class Song, wrote "we've left these noble halls, where we've had many squalls" was advised that his verses might need some revision.

*Jan. 21:* A certain B.L.S. student who, invited to a master's home to discuss philosophy, replied, "Gee, I don't even know Mr. Osophy," was advised to tell Sen. McCarthy of a Communist plot when the *R.R.R.* found *dynamite* in an unabridged dictionary.

*Jan. 22:* A spy requested the *R.R.R.* to put in the following statement, which, I suppose, has some hidden significance. *Quote:* "Oil was discovered in 304, today." Huh? *Exploques-vous, bitte, señor!*

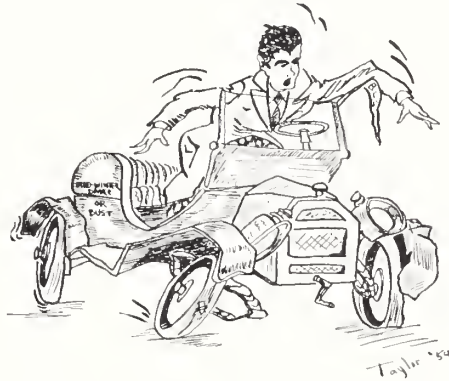
*Jan. 25:* A first-class flea-brain on the Literary Staff had a wonderful suggestion on the format of this year's *Liber Actorum*. Said the mighty mind, "This here is a classical school. Let's have the yearbook in the form of a scroll; it'll be only eighty-five feet long!" Clever boy!

*Jan. 26:* As "he" tells it: "The beach was deserted; so I lay down to rest in the strong sun, exposing my pink, baby-like skin to its powerful rays. I soon fell asleep. When I awoke and saw the condition I was in, I came to a rapid conclusion." — *Pause, for effect; and inquisitive lad asks,* "Well, sir, what happened?" — "Egad, my boy, I had been photosynthesized!"

*Jan. 27:* *Ye R.R.R.* was privileged to attend a forum and, after learning that the cost of one college education would light an entire classroom with fluorescent lights, divided 6 into 2000 and multiplied that by the number of lights in the Assembly Hall and determined that it would take thirty college educations to light the A.H. Hey! Who turned off the lights?

*Jan. 28:* Auxiliary Notice No. 83671. 030001 (significant of eight figures): "Those members of J.A. who have been seen fraternizing with members of the opposite sex are hereby warned to abstain!"

*Jan. 29:* The fact that interviewers from across the river and up the long avenue have been here this week has



been noticed by a mouldy little "Sixie". This character turned to a friend and said, "Look at the big goofs (Seniors, that is) dressed up in monkey suits."

*Feb. 1:* A befuddled Senior woke from his daze long enough to offer this bit to *Ye R.R.R.* in a similar mental state: "Uh, the first part of the S.A.T. was translating from English into English, wasn't it?" Very funny, I'm sure you will all agree.

*Feb. 2: Master Alpha to Master Beta:* "My boys are driving me crazy this week. It must be a revolt of the masses brewing." *Master Beta to Master Alpha:* "No, you're wrong. You have Class IV, don't you? Well, this is the time of year for *that*, you know!"

*Feb. 3:* Whatever happened to that Class 1 marching into 208 and singing the phrases of "PS, I Love You"?

*Feb. 4:* Words of Wisdom from the mouth of Dan (Vol. IV; No. 836): "Well, let's see, back in 1940, I used 7.3 cm. of magnesium ribbon and 22.6 c.c. of the acid. Mighty good memory for such a geezer; eh, Bo?"

*Feb. 5: Ticket-seller to classmate:* "Are you going to the Midwinter?" *Classmate:* "Why, no; I've got to stay home and study for the 'Boards'." There's a fine upstanding youth of the old days of the higher standard: yah, Chief?

*Feb. 8:* Boys will not be excused from tests when they refuse to answer questions on the basis that they are invoking the Fifth Amendment.

*Feb. 9:* Head-dress, slings, and bandages were the order of the day under the nurse known as "Pep". The unfortunate lad on whom he demon-

strated the triangle-bandage "holds" knows now how unhealthy "Health" can get. After the demonstration, the arm-sling was "for real."

*Feb. 10:* Drawing himself up to full height, the Master of All Aardvarks Everywhere made an earth-shaking statement of the policy, after his class had completed a well-known essay. Said he, "Gentlemen, sloths of a feather *must* stink together or be deodorized separately."

*Feb. 11:* No Senior will be coerced into paying class dues. In passing, it was mentioned, however, that it might hold up a Senior's graduation for a year or so.

*Feb. 12:* Many members of Class I are receiving black-bordered condolence cards from the Educational Testing Service, via the Library: "We regret to inform you that . . ." Join the Foreign Legion, any one?

*Feb. 15:* *Master:* "There they were, gazing at Jerusalem in the valley, when . . ." *Voice:* "But, sir, isn't Jerusalem on a mountain?" *Master:* "That makes no difference. For the purpose of the tale, *keep Jerusalem in the valley.*" *Voice:* "Sir, I just wanted to get the facts!"

*Feb. 16:* With all due respect to Ogden Nash, *Ye R.R.R.* feels called upon to quote the following ditty found on the back of an approbation card: Aardvarks, attention:

The ant has made himself illustrious through constant industry

Industrious

So what?

Would you be calm and placid,  
If you were full of formic acid?"

*Feb. 17:* Plans to get Symphony Sid to speak on music at the forthcoming Career Day fell through today. Seems he was disappointed at the paucity of "pegged" gym shorts among the "phys-ed" regulars.

*Feb. 18:* A noted English "teacher" (same one as before) has humbled himself before his class. He has apologized for "An Apology for Idlers." How *bourgeois!*

*Feb. 19:* "Dug" from 208:

"Now, boys, I realize that there are to be no home-lessons assigned over vacation. You all must realize, however, that this would be a good

time to review your world history terms, economics sheet, U.S. history notes, European history text, and uh . . . so forth. Oh, by the way, we'll have an American Government test on the day you return."

*Feb. 24:* *Overheard at the Midwinter:* *Young thing:* "This is the first time I've ever gone out with a Latin School boy, I understand they're different."

*March 1:* Egad, it's a good thing this is no leap year! Another day inserted in this marking period would completely shatter the *R.R.R.*'s heretofore sterling self-control and flint-like nerves.

*March 2:* *Flash!* "Tell us a story" strikes again in 235. Said the master, smiling gaily, "I've seen many classes in the past 30 years, but *this* class . . ." (Guess which?)

*March 3:* *Overheard: Silence; then, in unison, as master enters:* "FREE PORTO RICO!" *Silence again; then, from the rear, sotto voce:* "Bang, bang!" *Master, commenting later:* "The boys are well read. It's a sign of the times!"

*March 4:* In after-school classes, L.J. made a momentous statement: "Gentlemen, the Ides of March are upon you!"

*March 5:* Room 235 seems to have become besieged with a chronic ailment, known as "Yearbookitis." Some guys are acting almost too officious, as if they *really* invented penicillin!

*March 8:* As this issue goes to press, and the *Register* changes management, *Ye R.R.R.* takes this opportunity to thank the "Chief," on behalf of the entire Senior Class, for his wonderful work as assistant dean to the class.

#### CLOSING LINES

After writing this column for a year,  
There's absolutely no redress, man;  
So I confess that one-half this crime  
Was perpetrated by *Harvey Pressman*.  
If my "partner in crime" were also to  
confess,

Even I'd consider him a sucker;  
So I'll be the "Schtoolie" and tell yez  
all

My better half was *Isaac Druker*.



**ALLEN DRUG**

208 WOODROW AVE.  
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AV 2-6886

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*Leonard's*

797 ADAMS STREET  
DORCHESTER

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